

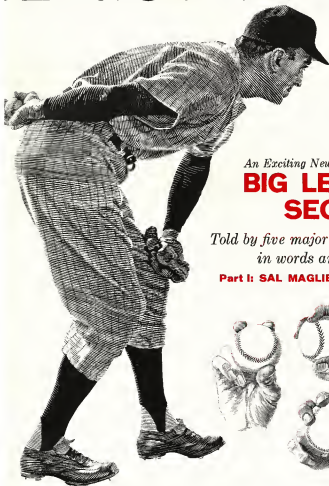
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MARCH 17, 1958

*America's National Sports Weekly*

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## Cover: Sal Maflie

One of the most dramatic fights in baseball is Sal Maflie on the mound staring ominously into home plate. This week he talks about pitching in Part I of *Big League Secrets* (see pages 32 to 45).

Drawings by Anthony Bonelli

## Next week



► Carmen Basilio (above left) fought hard to take the middleweight title from Sugar Ray Robinson. Now he must fight him harder to keep it.

► Bill Atkinson, whose prize-winning golf fashions were the hit of last season, unveils the new *Parways* collection, which was developed with the aid of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*.

► A great baseball roundup: How San Francisco and Los Angeles will take to the big leagues, color drawings of the parks, spring camp evaluations of Dodgers and Giants, a closeup of Walter O'Malley.

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## MEMO from the publisher



**O**FTEN photographs ask questions almost as interesting as those they answer. Where, for example, was the cameraman when he took the series of portraits of college swimming stars in our SPECTACLE this week?

The question might be tougher if you weren't looking at him right now, planted in two fathoms of University of Michigan water. Most familiar to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED readers as a writer on subjects ranging the spectrum of sport from the Olympics to cave crawling (SI, Jan. 2, 1956), he is Associate Editor Coles Phinixy, as adept in the use of a camera as a typewriter. This time his assignment called for pictures of outstanding swimmers in the forthcoming NCAA championships. Phinixy has what sometimes seems a predestined flair for the unorthodox in the performance of his duties. This probably went as far as it could go when he covered a balloon fight and the balloon crashed—the Piccards, Phinixy, camera and all (SI, Nov. 8, 1954).

Determined on his latest assignment not to bring back routine pool-edge pictorials, Phinixy decided on

the pool-bottom approach. In addition to an uncommon perspective, his photographs owe much of their excellence to the fact that Phinixy is a veteran at the underwater game. And since the day some years ago when he pondered the problem, 210 feet deep in a Florida underwater cave, of making prehistoric bones which were there look as if they belonged there, he has been adapting his underwater photo equipment to his own perfectionist standards. The result is the special lighting which renders a submarine subject, such as this week's swimmers, intelligible to the overland eye.

A lesser photographic problem remains. Like the one about who wakes the bugler, who photographs the photographer? In this case it was Doug Fulton of the Ann Arbor News. As Phinixy sank to the bottom of the pool, Fulton rose to the top of the diving platform. Unfortunately, right about here, the supply of photographers ran out. Otherwise it's a good bet one would have been hanging from the ceiling, true to the traditions of his trade, shooting away at Phinixy and Fulton both.

*Harry Phillips*



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# SCOREBOARD

*A worldwide roundup of the sports information of the week*

**RECORD BREAKERS**—AUSTRALIA's spritely kid swimmers were at it again, hauling down five more world freestyle records in North Sydney's fresh-water Brisbane Valley Pool. John Kennedy, husky-cheeked 15-year-old Latvian refugee, had his fast-moving arms in three of them, churning 229 yards and 260 meters in 2:48.2 to beat John Devitt, Gary Chapman and Graham Hamilton to 844.5 clocking for 846-yard relay (March 3) after teaming up with Devitt, Chapman and Geoffrey Skipton for scorching 3:16.3 in 400-meter relay (March 3). Aussie girls also got into swim when Dava Fraser, Sandra Morgan, Lisa Kennedy and Lorraine Crapp whipped through 440-yard relay in 5:18.9 (March 3). Australians now hold all 14 world freestyle records for men, 20 standards in all events.

VALIE'S JERRY BOLLEN, JOE KODATSKY, TIM JACOB and ROGER ANDERSON, bent on getting into record book, splashed 400-yard medley relay in 3:45.5, broke 2-year-old U.S. mark by half second as Eds thrashed Harvard 58-28 for 170th straight dual meet victory, clinched 12th straight Ivy League title at New Haven (March 3).

BETTY COTABERT, port Aussie sprinter who week earlier tied world record for 100-yard dash, hustled her shapely legs 228 yards in 23.5 at Sydney to lower mark she shared with Russia's Maria Iikina (March 3).

MARKE CHAMBERLAIN, quiet, smallish 19-year-old New Zealander, tucked her blonde tresses securely in chignon, hurried 440 yards in 56.1, fastest ever for women, at Christchurch (March 3).

DALLAS LONG, latest Phoenix (Ariz.) Union H.S. phenom, put every bit of his 6 feet 4 inches, 235 pounds into his work, hurled 12-pound shot 86 feet 13½ inches to better schoolboy record by more than 190 feet at Huntington Beach, Calif. (March 3).

ED DAGDONAS, husky, cheer-singing Army tackle, fastened himself securely to triangle, whirled and tossed 35-pound

weight 64 feet 7¼ inches for new U.S. college mark in Hexagonal Games, won by host team Cornell, at Ithaca, N.Y. (March 3).

**BASEBALL**—MAJOR LEAGUES called on winter-tanned muskies, and early-blooming rookies who may never blossom began to get in their holes as exhibition grand opened in Florida and Arizona (see below) with usual surprises. For example, Milwaukee could earn no better than split in two games with Detroit; New York Yankees were beaten twice by St. Louis; transplanted San Francisco Giants whipped Cleveland in pair; Chicago Cubs and Baltimore went 16 innings before Cubs won 4-3.

**BOXING**—LIGHT-MIDWEIGHT CHAMPION ARCHIE MOORE, fairly hulking out of his rights at a blubbery 136½ pounds but still carrying his 49-odd years lightly, coasted himself with walk-me-around-again routine until his foe was aroused by errant right to head, then angrily flailed away at Bert Whitehurst to win by TKO in 2 42 of 10th at San Bernardino, Calif.

GENE FULMER, roughhousing ex-middleweight king, bulled and mauled former Sparrow Mike Savage for 10 dull rounds at Salt Lake City, came away with demerol but little added prestige in campaign for promised (by Jim Norris) shot at title.

**TRACK & FIELD**—RON DELANEY haled his time as usual, chop-chopped daintily into lead when ready, sprinted just fast enough to win mile in 4:08.4 at K of C Games in New York, but biggest cheers went to pair of Johnny-come-lather: Babe's rangy Rudy Smith, who ran field into ground in 6:09 in 1:10.8; Manhattan's Joe Sapiano, who lashed ahead of St. John's Peter Chase in 1:06 in 2:16.3.

**BASKETBALL**—INDIANA, TERRACON, bus-ling and scrappy, upset home-court tradition and Michigan State 75-72 at East Lansing in win Big Ten title (see below), lined up with Maryland, 96-74 winner over North Carolina for Atlantic Coast Conference crown, and West Virginia, who beat William and Mary 74-58 for Southern Conference championship. In NCAA tournament.

ALL-AMERICA teams began to make their appearance, but perhaps most authentic was one picked by National Basketball Coaches Association, who put their votes together for Whelan Sports Federation, gave Kansas' Will Chamberlain whopping 1,943 total. Other first-team choices: Chapman's Oscar Robertson (1,299); Temple's Guy Rodgers (1,049); Seattle's Elgin Baylor (1,040); Kansas State's Bob Becker (629).

SDA headed into final week with New York still barely alive in fight to catch third-place Philadelphia in East, Cincinnati retaining slim chance to tie Detroit for second in West.

**HORSE RACING**—SILVY SULLIVAN, shaver-labored whose late-charging has enchanted Californians, performed his usual daft act in \$130,500 Santa Anita Derby, leading along 29 lengths off pace before he shifted gears, boomed through on rail, engaged in some fancy broken-field stepping to win by 3½ lengths (see page 13).

BOVA USON, Beverly Knott Farm's 3-year-old, picked his way hilly and resolutely through Fair Grounds slot to hold off all challengers, take winner's share in \$49,675 Louisiana Derby.

**HOCKEY**—CANADA'S WHITEY DUNLOP body-checking freely and emphatically, much to chagrin, often reflected by fast-swinging, of opponents, ran off six straight, polished off Russia 4-2 in final game to win world amateur championship at Ojls, U.S., battered by injuries, won three, lost three, tied one, placed fifth (see page 14).

MONTREAL and DETROIT were looked up in pitched battle for third place in NHL with Bruins, unbeaten in 6 games, holding scant one-point lead at week's end.

**accent on the deed . . .**



**FAST-BALLING CARD** Bob Miller fires opening pitch placeward, where New York Yankees' Tony Kubek waits to take his cut in the first spring exhibition game, won by St. Louis, 4-0, at St. Petersburg.



**BELLY-SPRAWLING GIANT** Orlando Cepeda gets a free fall of dirt instead of anticipated triple as Cleveland's crouching Larry Raines waits to tag him out in 5-1 San Francisco victory at Tucson camp.



## faces in the crowd . . .

**SKIING**—FINLAND's limber-legged jumpers and cross-country skiers picked up four gold, three silver, three bronze medals, 68 points to best Russia for unofficial team title in world Nordic championships at Luitz. U.S. team had little to show for week-long efforts, worst swimmers.

**ASTORIA**'s 13-year-old RALPH SCHRAVE, rapidly gaining stature as successor to Tom Rabe, juggled to victory in downhill, darted daintily through slalom gates to win Kandahar combined championship with perfect scores at St. Anton.

**MOTORCYCLING**—JOE LEONARD, 25-year-old San Jose, Calif., throttle-crafter roared his Harley-Davidson two-wheeler into lead on first lap, jockeyed through turns masterfully to average 96.88 mph on way to victory in 206-mile AMA beach and road race at Daytona Beach.

**HIKEPOSTS**—REFINED EMIIL ZATSEK, 31, rubber-legged Czech army colonel regarded as one of greatest distance runners of all time (he set eighteen world records, still holds marks of 58:12 for 10 miles, 59:51.6 for 20,000 meters, 1:14:01 for 15 miles, 1:16:36.4 for 25,000 meters, 12 miles 819 yards for one hour, triple gold medal winner (5,000 and 10,000 meters, marathon) in 1932 Olympics after 17 years of aerobically agonized foot racing, to dedicate "my entire strength to the Czechoslovak army," at Prague. Explained leg-weary Zatspek: "I don't want to run until I die. I am giving up."

**DIED**—HAROLD (Duke) SMITH, 59, U.S. Olympic platform diving champion in 1932, longtime swimming and diving instructor who taught thousands of World War II Marines how to swim and survive in water under combat conditions, of cancer, at La Jolla, Calif.

**DIED**—WILLIAM WHEELER JR., 66, businessman-sportsman, member The Jockey Club, successful dabbler in Thoroughbred breeding and racing, show horses and show dogs, able skipper of *Boarding House*; after long illness, in New York.

### FOR THE RECORD

**BOXING**—RODAR MAET, 10-round decision over Duke Harris, witherweights, New York.  
DAVEY DUPAR, 10-round split decision over Gene Harris, lightweights, Dallas.  
HAROLD GOFFS, 10-round split decision over Joe Chivers, featherweights, New York.

**COURT TENNIS**—HARVARD, over Princeton, 6-1 and 7-5, consolation intercollegiate tournament for James H. Van Alen Bowl, New York.

**FENCING**—ILLINOIS, Big Ten title, with 32 pts., E. Lansing, Mich.  
COLUMBIA, over Penn 11-5, for Big League championship, New York.

**GOLF**—MRS. BARBARA ROMACK PORTER, Norwinston, over Mrs. Mary Ann Reynolds, 3 & 2, Florida East Coast Amateur, St. Augustine, Fla.

**GYMNASTICS**—JAY BERNER, Penn State, Eastern intercollegiate all-around title, with 1,314 pts., University Park, Pa.

**HORSE RACING**—MEETING \$9,000 Haskell Turf H., 1 1/4 m., by 2 lengths, in 2:07 1/2, Haskell Jockey Club, N.Y.  
\$10,000 Barbara Fritchie H., 8 f., by 1 length, in 1:13 3/4, Don't Ask, New York.

**RACQUETS**—GROFFERY ATKINS and KEN NATHAN, 10-10, Boston, over Robert Gould and Clarence F. Felt Jr., 7-6, 12-6, 15-9, SAN double championship, New York.

**SKIING**—LESLIE FONDA, Denver, with 35 pts., transatlantic title, in 2:10.6, Adelphi, Mo.

**SPEED SKATING**—JACK DENNEY, Pasadena, Calif., with indoor or semi's title, MARY NICHOL, Chicago, women's 500, ILLINOIS, team title, Chicago, Ill.

**SQUASH RACQUETS**—U.S. over Canada, 3-0, for Latham Cup, U.S. over Canada, 3-0, for Alabaster Grent Trophy, Ottawa, Ont., Can.  
SMITH CHAPMAN, for George Williams Fed. Inv., Montreal, over Larry Sears, Montreal, 12-8, 12-2, 10-14, SAN intercollegiate title, New Haven, Conn.

**SWIMMING**—MICHIGAN, Big Ten title, with 113 pts., for a title.  
OKLAHOMA, Big Eight championship, with 179 pts., Ames, Iowa.  
NUTGINS, Eastern conference, with 68 pts., New Brunswick, N.J.

**WILLIAMS and BROOKS**, 100 yd. free, with 63 pts., New England College title, Amherst, Mass.

**TENNIS**—PANCRO CONZALEZ, over Leo Hood, 4 matches in 1 Round robin play-off, 15-12.

**TRACK & FIELD**—ILLINOIS, Big Ten title, with 27 1/2 pts., 4 hours, Ill.



MRS. PETER FOMENKO, whose husband helped Britain win International Tuna Cup in 1936, swept most of top awards in annual zone fishing tournament, won under name as Bermuda's Woman Angler of Year.

GEORGE YANDLEY, the balding Detroit Police who by own admission is strictly shooter, made offense pay off twice two NBA season records, winding up regular campaign with 453 successful free throws, 2,001 points.



LASLO TANCSE, who chose to settle in U.S. to live under Reds in Hungary and a now member of Santa Clara Valley Youth Village (24, Jan. 13), ran outdoors at Stanford, routing through two-mile race in 9:35.1.



MATT BALDWIN, 31, Alhert petroleum engineer, had magic touch again, skipped team to 11-6 victory over Manitoba at Victoria for Canadian curling title, became second skip to win the MacDonald's Brier three times.

JANET HOPPE, 19th-ranked Seattle tennis player, had big moment of glory in tournament at Barranquilla, Colombia, where she upset Althea Gibson in semifinals, went on to beat Brazil's Maria Bueno in final.



BILLY OLSON, 27, Eau Claire, Wis., accountant and former Olympian, knifed through gusty 25-mph winds for leaps of 241 and 231 feet at Iron Mountain, Mich., packed away his first national ski jumping crown.

WALTER WILHELM, Ohio industrialist, head of three harness tracks and now president of USTA, walked into lobbyist's nest in form of government antitrust suit filed against his group, reported: "We plan to fight."



**CACKLING COACH** Brasher McCracken (center) leads jubilant charge off bench after Indiana beat Michigan State for Big Ten title.



**HIGHBALLING RACER** Juan Manuel Fangio (res) has hand at racing U.S.-made car around International Speedway at Trenton.



# SNOW PATROL

*Skating across the country: reports through the preceding weekend*

## East

**New Hampshire:** Skiing good to excellent throughout. Snow depths high and stable. **CRANMORE:** Lodges report bookings equal to first week in February. **LO 41, CR 3,000**. **SUMMIT:** Eastern Amateur Ski Association gave proficiency tests to 30 here.

**BREXNAP:** Skiing strong. Manager, Fritzle Bear seeking \$100,000 bond issue for further development. **UP 50, LO 15, CR 850**.

**WHEATY:** Area will have two new Pomas or T-bars next year, possibly an aerial gondola lift. **UP 75, LO 30, CR 200**.

**CANNON:** Powder skiing. Eastern Alpine championships this weekend. One-third of alpine here using Head skis. **UP 122 CR 2,500**. **WILKAT:** Federal trail being completed by well-traveled skiers to European runs for variety of terrain. **UP 110, LO 75**.

**Maine:** **FLORISSANT MT.** UP 70, CR 200. **SUGARLOAF:** UP 129, LO 30, CR 700.

**Massachusetts:** Snow pack one to three feet deep throughout Berkshire. **BOUGHTON:** Saturday night snowglobe at Wendell Sherwood Hotel is top selling bargain in the area. **UP 40, LO 20, SN 1**. **JIMINY PEAK:** UP 30, LO 15, SN 4.

**Vermont:** State got snow lightly. Snow pack ranged from four to nine feet.

**SANDSNOTCH:** More than 100 youngsters raced in northern Vermont junior team championships. **UP 81, LO 62, SN 18**.

**STOW:** Mt. Mansfield Ski Club championships here March 16. **UP 74, LO 58, SN 11**. **MAD RIVER GLEN:** Robert Jones family of Springfield, Vt. repeated their last year's victory, beating 21 other family units for the family team crown. Biggest crowd of season, **SN 15, CR 1,900**.

**BIG BROMLEY:** Learn-to-ski weeks at \$48 are popular package deal here.

**MT. SNOW:** UP 100, LO 58, SN 8, CR 1,000. **DUTCH HILL:** Should run past Easter.

**PICO PEAK:** Over 150 skiers ran Pico Derby Nov. 5 but expected to operate March 15. **UP 50, LO 35, SN 10, CR 600**.

**New York:** Hard packed cover should last for another month at least.

**WATERFACE:** Packed powder in upper area. Steak diners at \$1.85 popular at lodge's Howard Johnson restaurant. **UP 61, LO 25, LAKE PLACID:** Kohl Mt.'s double chair-Poma combination catching on. **UP 38, LO 15**.

**NORTH CREEK:** Three climbing trails atop Gore Mt. should be skiable into May.

**ILLIKWAKE:** Cold kept area snow in winter condition. **UP 59, LO 28, SN 11, CR 4,000**. **BIRCHEN:** Road in should be passable this weekend. **UP 100, LO 58, SN 14**.

**CATAMOUNT:** Area will make snow if necessary this weekend. **UP 30, LO 19, CR 600**. **SNOW RIDGE:** Prospects good for long spring season. **UP 36, LO 15, SN 9, CR 450**.

**Quebec:** Still enjoying best conditions in recent years. Chief Poking Fire of Capaguan Indians and tribe will make World Champion Skier Lucille Wheeler a member. "I've always wanted to be a squaw," said she.

**MT. TREMBLANT:** UP 56, LO 38, SN 21. **STL. AGATHA:** Huskies ski club providing free lessons and equipment for school children. **UP 48, LO 44, SN 2, CR 2,500**.

**St. DONALD:** Deepest snow here in the Lake region. **UP 65, LO 38, SN 2**.

**VAL DAVID:** Swiss restaurant, Au Petit Poutou, doing record business with their maple-sugar baked hams. **UP 58, CR 2,000**.

**LAC BRADFORD:** UP 59, LO 50, CR 2,500.

**Pennsylvania:** **MT. LAUREL:** UP 35, LO 6.

## Midwest

**Michigan:** **CAMPBELL:** Skiing only fair. **UP 4**.

**CUPES RIVER:** UP 10, LO 20, CR 400.

**SHILOH MT.** Skiing excellent for past two weeks. **UP 9, LO 12, SN 3, CR 100**.

**BURNS:** Best conditions in state. Plan to ski here into April with help of machine-made snow. **UP 10, LO 40, SN 12, CR 325**.

**Wisconsin:** **TELEMARK:** Skiing good. **CR 626**. **SHELDON VALLEY:** Expect good skiing here to continue into April. **LO 19, SN 4**.

**Minnesota:** **MOST DU LAC:** Skiing good. **UP 6**.

## West

**Idaho:** Best skiing of the season, **SUN VALLEY:** New Zealand's H. R. Wylie was on hand to recruit instructors for coming season, which starts last of June in sub-alpine latitudes. **MT. BALDY:** UP 62, LO 56, SN 13, CR 1,100.

**MADGE MT.** Eddie Ward and Diane Brown of McCall took Amateur Legion junior titles. **UP 72, LO 47, SN 5, CR 400**.

**PAYETTE LAKE:** Light dry powder, Plush Shore Lodge \$22.50 weekend package includes lodging, food, lift and lessons, attracts skiers from whole state. **UP 33, LO 14**.

**PINE BASIN:** Medium timber Blazevic favored for holding granities by skiers turning to **Wardell**. **UP 59, LO 42, SN 8**.

**Utah:** Skiing good, but avalanche danger making some access roads hazardous.

**ALTA:** Expert skiers from Napa, California and Detroit arrived to take lessons from deep powder master, **AL EAGLE**. **UP 116**.

**BRIGHTON:** UP 112, LO 100, SN 6, CR 2,500. **SNOW BASIN:** National Alpine races here this weekend. **UP 110, LO 96, SN 4, CR 600**.

**Wyoming:** **JACKSON HOLE:** Skiers used top step to get to Radio Basin, which had all the loose snow. Skiers back from Europe have new Kauls with yellow plastic base.

**Colorado:** **ASPEN:** Skiing good. All lifts running. Machine-made snow 30 minutes on N 1.

**GARDNER SMITH** and **Beverly Anderson** were Rock Cap combined winners.

**ARAPAHO BASIN:** LO 55, SN 12, CR 400.

**LOVELAND:** Area has ski hustlers arrive to help skiers into bindings and show them best trails. **UP 62, LO 50, SN 1, CR 1,200**.

**BETHUNE PARK:** Lodge filling with Easterners out for the fine spring skiing. **UP 75, LO 58, SN 8, CR 100**.

**New Mexico:** **TAOS:** UP 84, LO 55, SN 27. **SUPAPO:** Skiing fine. **UP 20, LO 15, SN 20**.

**LA MANITA:** Weekends only. **UP 30, LO 10**. **SANTA FE:** Good. **UP 81, LO 42, SN 22**.

**Alaska:** **MT. NONGAY:** Good. **UP 16, LO 10**.

**SUNSHINE VILLAGE:** Excellent. **UP 56, LO 50**.



SKIERS RIDE UP TO SNOQUALMIE SUMMIT

## Far West

**Washington:** Anticipate full operation of all areas well into May.

**WHITE PASS:** Will operate daily until April 13. **UP 126, LO 85, SN 18, CR 2,000**.

**MT. BAKER:** Skiers using lightweight bubble goggles to get peripheral vision.

**SNOQUALMIE:** Skiers rode lift to Thunderbird Restaurant for ski fashion show (see preview). **UP 120, LO 100, SN 20, CR 4,000**.

**Oregon:** **MT. HOOD:** Skiing very good.

**WILLAMETTE PASS:** LO 79, SN 21, CR 450.

**TOLEMAK BOWL:** Good. **UP 32, LO 24, SN 1**.

**British Columbia:** **GROUSE MT.** UP 60.

**California:** Ski areas doubling last year's business. Southern areas overpacked at continued good conditions.

**HEAVENLY VALLEY:** Wind-deep powder most of week. **MOORE:** Skied. **UP 90**.

**SAGAM VALLEY:** Snow compaction tests being conducted by Navy to see if cars can park in fields here in 1960. **UP 200, LO 70**.

**SUGAR BOWL:** Will run to May 1. Midweek special rates drawing crowds. **UP 180**.

**FRIDGE RIDGE:** LO 70, SN 12, SN 20, CR 5,500.

**BAKERS PASS:** UP 75, SN 5, CR 2,900.

**MADISON MT.** LO 108, UP 204, SN 55, CR 1,200.

**SNOW SUMMIT:** UP 10, LO 29, SN 24, CR 3,200.

**MT. BALDY:** Best skiing since 1954. **UP 60**.

**Neade:** **HEND:** Start Walton of Sacramento took 6th Far West slalom by 10 seconds.

**Check resorts for late condition changes**  
**UP**=cables of snow on upper slopes and trails  
**LO**=cables of snow on lower slopes and trails  
**NN**=cables of snowfall last week  
**CR**=ski crowd last Saturday

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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**Mount Vernon 10, New York**

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2. This is a series of eight biweekly contests as follows:

Week	Date	Entries must be postmarked by	Entries must be received by
81	Feb. 2	March 2	March 14
82	March 5	March 15	March 26
83	March 22	April 4	April 11
84	April 5	April 26	April 25
85	April 19	May 1	May 9
86	May 3	May 16	May 23
87	May 27	May 30	June 6
88	May 31	June 11	June 20

The 8th Mystery Tune Contest begins one week later than each other shown in the following.

3. Any person living in the continental United States or its possessions is eligible except employees of The American Tobacco Company, its advertising agencies, and the families of such employees. Each entry must be the original work of the contestant submitting it and submitted in the contestant's own name. You may enter as many contests as you wish, but a contestant may be awarded only one prize per contest.

4. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of originality, sincerity and appropriateness of the completed statement. Entries will be judged by The Hush-Hush Domestic Corporation. To be eligible for a prize in a contest, the contestant must name the mystery tune for that contest correctly. Decision of the judges will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in the event of ties.

5. All entries become the property of The American Tobacco Company to use as it sees fit, and none will be returned. Winners will be notified by mail. For a list of winners in all eight contests, send for a self-addressed manila envelope with your entry. Contest subject to all federal, state and local regulations.

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## COMING EVENTS

March 14 to 23

- **Television**
- **Color television**
- **Network radio**
- All times listed E.S.T. except where otherwise noted

### Friday, March 14

**BOAT SHOW**  
American and Canadian Sportmen's Vessels and Boat Show, Cleveland (through March 22).  
Luna-O-Luna Boat, Marine and Yacht Show, St. Paul (through March 23)

#### BOXING

• Tony Anthony vs. Yves Durbin, light heavyweight, 10 rds., Mad. Sq. Garden, New York, 10 p.m. (NBC)

#### FENCING

Intercollegiate Fencing Association Championships, Bronx, N.Y. (also March 15)

#### SKIING

Holmenkollen Ski Meet, final day, Holmenkollen, Norway  
National Alpine Championships, Ogden, Utah (through March 16)

#### TRACK & FIELD

Chicago Daily News Relays, Chicago

#### WRESTLING

Big Eight tournament, Ames, Iowa (also March 15)  
Eastern Intercollegiate Wrestling Championships, Pittsburgh (also March 15)

### Saturday, March 15

#### BASKETBALL

Aer Force World Championships, final day, Denver, Colo.

(Leading college game)

• National Invitation Tournament, second day, Mad. Sq. Garden, 4:00 p.m. (CBS)  
Pinks, NALA basketball tournament, Kansas City

#### BOATING

St. Petersburg to Havana Ocean Race, St. Petersburg, Fla.

#### BOAT SHOW

Houston Boat and Yacht Show, Houston (through March 22)

#### DOG SHOW

Harrolding Kennel Club Show, Harrolding, Pa.

#### GOLF

• All Star Golf, Bill Cooper vs. Billy Maxwell, Palm Springs, Calif., 4 p.m. in each time zone (ABC)

#### HANDBALL

National AAU, YMCA and U.S. Handball Assn. Club and Championships, Aurora, Ill. (through March 22)

#### HOCKEY

Chicago at Montreal  
Detroit at Toronto

• New York at Boston, 2 p.m. (CBS)

#### HORSE RACING

Bowie Handicap, \$25,000, 3-yr-olds & up, 1 1/16 m., Bowie, Md.

#### SQUASH RACQUETS

National Doubles, Baltimore (also March 16)

#### TRACK & FIELD

New York Proctor Club Meet, New York

### Sunday, March 16

#### AUTO RACING

USAC sprint car race, Dayton, Ohio

#### BASKETBALL

(Regular season)  
St. Louis vs. Milwaukee Braves, St. Petersburg, Fla.

#### BASKETBALL

United States Women's AAU Basketball Championships, St. Joseph, Mo. (through March 17)

#### BOATING

Snork Outboard Race, Clearwater, Fla.

#### HOCKEY

Detroit at Boston  
Montreal at New York  
Toronto at Chicago

### Monday, March 17

#### BOXING

• Jimmy Archer vs. Johnny Gorman, welterweight, 10 rds., St. Nick's, New York, 10 p.m. (Detroit)

### Tuesday, March 18

#### HOCKEY

Toronto at Detroit

### Wednesday, March 19

#### HOCKEY

Boston at New York

### Thursday, March 20

#### BOAT SHOW

Connecticut Boat Show, New Haven, Conn. (through March 23)

#### GOLF

St. Petersburg Open Invitational, \$15,000, St. Petersburg, Fla. (through March 23)

#### HOCKEY

Detroit at Chicago

Toronto at Montreal

#### SKIING

National Junior Championships, Winter Park, Colo. (also March 23)

### Friday, March 21

#### BASKETBALL

(Leading college game)  
NCAA Tournament semifinals, Louisville (also March 22)

#### BOXING

• Jesse Lagus vs. Virgil Almon, welterweight  
• International bout, 12 rds., Mad. Sq. Garden, New York, 10 p.m. (NBC)

#### FENCING

National Collegiate Fencing Championships, Lubbock, Texas (also March 22)

#### SHOOTING

Royal Palm Spring Open Short Shoot, West Palm Beach, Fla. (through March 23)

#### TRACK & FIELD

Cleveland Knighted Clubhouse Meet, Cleveland

### Saturday, March 22

#### AUTO RACING

• National International 12 hour Grand Prix of Endurance, Sebring, Fla. (CBS)

#### BASKETBALL

(Leading college game)  
• National Invitation Tournament, final, Mad. Sq. Garden, New York, 4:30 p.m. (CBS)

#### BOAT SHOW

Milwaukee Sports & Vacation Show and Great Lakes Boat Show, Milwaukee (through March 23)  
Zurich-Journal Sport, Vauxhall, Travel and Boat Show, Columbus, Ohio (through March 24)

#### DOG SHOW

Breton Kennel Club Show, Bronx, N.Y.

#### HOCKEY

Boston at Montreal  
Chicago at Detroit, 2 p.m. (CBS)  
New York at Toronto

#### HORSE RACING

Calverton Park Handicap, \$100,000, 3-yr-olds & up, 1 1/16 m., Gulfstream Park, Fla.

The Governor's Gold Cup, \$50,000, 3-yr-olds, 1 1/16 m., Bowie, Md.

#### HUNT RACING

Strophich Hunt Race, Southern Pines, N.C.

#### SKIING

National Veterans Downhill and Slalom Championships, Sun Valley, Idaho (through March 23)

#### TRACK & FIELD

West Texas Relays, Odessa, Texas

### Sunday, March 23

#### AUTO RACING

USAC sprint car race, Reading, Pa.

#### BASKETBALL

(Exhibition)  
Los Angeles Dodgers vs. New York Yankees, Miami

#### BASKETBALL

East-West All-Star Game, Kansas City

#### DOG SHOW

Kennel Club of Northern New Jersey Show, Teaneck, N.J.

#### HOCKEY

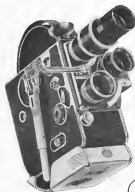
(Amateur League)  
Chicago at Boston  
Montreal at Detroit  
Toronto at New York  
(Amateur League)  
Hockey at Cleveland  
Rochester at Buffalo  
Springfield at Providence

\* See local listing

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# SILKY WOVES THEM

That horse—Silky Sullivan—has endeared himself to millions as the equine personality of the decade.

In winning the Santa Anita Derby he sold most experts

by WHITNEY TOWER

SILKY SULLIVAN won the Santa Anita Derby last week, and thereby established himself as the equine personality—although not yet the greatest horse—of the decade.

This amazing, flame-red chestnut has California in a condition akin to hysteria. He has, in addition to his captivating name, a trait which fascinates horse fans everywhere: he wins his races from behind, and from so far behind that horsemen and trainers from coast to coast agree that there may never have been a racer quite like him. In winning the \$100,000 added Santa Anita Derby he set himself up as the West Coast's answer to Tim Tam and Jewel's Reward for the Kentucky Derby, for which race he has now been made favorite in the Caliente Future Book at the ridiculously short price of 2 to 1.

To his old fans (there was a record Derby crowd of 61,123 on hand) this race was strictly a pushover. Silky only got 28 lengths behind in the backstretch (in one of his races he trailed by 41 lengths), and then, instead of looping his field, he cut to the inside, zigzagged through the pack like a sure-footed halfback and won—going away—by 3½ lengths. At the finish he was actually easing himself up, obviously satisfied that he had showed the field who was boss and what was the point of pouring it on. His time was a most creditable 1:49½ (making it the second fastest Santa Anita Derby on record, slower only than the two turned in by Year Hoet and Determine), and his last quarter of a mile, which usually clicks off in around 23 seconds, was a more normal 24½.

Santa Anita horseplayers will tell you that Silky Sullivan is the greatest horse that ever lived. People who have never seen a race in their lives—even on television—love him dearly.

Least excited about him—in public, anyway—are his two owners and their amiable trainer. Co-owners Tom Ross (a successful lumberman) and Phil Klipstein (a retired cattleman), who went into this partnership about four years ago, are both plagued by heart conditions which haven't exactly improved through watching Silky Sullivan scare the clients with his late finishes. As a matter of fact, Ross had been forbidden to watch Silky run this winter until last Saturday. Their knowledgeable trainer is the California veteran, Reggie Cornell, who has few peers in the mastery of handling a large public stable on the busy, competitive West Coast circuit.

## KENTUCKY DERBY ODDS

Following the Santa Anita Derby, Pricemaker Tony Alessio offered these odds on the May 3 Kentucky Derby in his Caliente Future Book:

Silky Sullivan	2-1
Tim Tam	4-1
Jewel's Reward, Nader	6-1
Sir Robby, Old Pueblo	15-1
Kentucky Pride, L'il Fella,	29-1
Habsco, Night Amos,	
Masc Mac Fox	
Alwar, Olyner, Liberty Ruler,	30-1
Seventy Six, Misty Flight,	
Victory Nere, Washington	

Phil Klipstein, now 76, has been associated with race horses for nearly 50 years; he and Ross picked out Silky Sullivan from the Del Mar yearling sales for \$10,700 and gave him to Cornell to develop. Looking at the 3-year-old colt today you see a great big, sturdy and well-muscled horse, just about 16 hands, with a tremendously thick neck ("likes Percheron," says Phil Klipstein), and, when you come to think of it, more resembling a solid quarter horse or a 5-year-old stud than a maturing 3-year-old. But Silky is a picture horse nonetheless, with a beautiful sheen to his chestnut coat and a placid disposition. He is always completely relaxed, gentle as can be in or out of his box stall, eats anything he can get close to (except his admirers) and is as tractable as a tired old lead pony.

Trainer Cornell is frank to admit that he has no idea why Silky starts slowly and finishes like a whirlwind. "Maybe he just likes to give his opposition a head start and then nail 'em."

"But the strange thing about Silky (Cornell usually refers to his horse as the Silk Man or just plain Red) is that he always breaks from the gate right with his field and then automatically after going a few yards he'll take himself back without any help from the jock. From there on for the next half mile or so he runs awkwardly and as though he's in some difficulty. Suddenly he'll shift into high gear and really flatten out. From there on (it's usually about the three-eighths pole) I've never seen a horse in my life—or heard of one either—go faster."

Most other horsemen who have watched and studied Silky Sullivan's action in his races believe he must, in some way, be a freak. His trouble, say some, just has to be a physical disability in either his respiratory, circulatory or digestive apparatus. "Something," says one oldtimer, "must be hurting this colt so that he takes himself back for the first part of it. You think of an automobile

# ALL

engine that sounds and acts rough when you first turn on the motor. Only after it warms up does it run smooth. With Silky maybe he's hurting somewhere when he suddenly starts to exercise violently, but after he goes a while his action shifts from that rough awkward movement into a smooth and beautiful one. Like a distance runner, maybe, who can go nowhere until he gets his second wind." The theory of a respiratory defect also gains credence from the fact that, working a mile the other morning, he passed the finish line roaring like a diesel express. "If he were genuinely winded, though," says Cornell, "he could never run like this and run this far. There must be more to it than that."

Whatever Silky Sullivan does from here on, he is already a national hero, and, as Arcaro points out, "If there was to be a popularity contest among horses right now, this macker would clean up 3 to 1." Silky's sire, Sullivan, although he won over sprinters at Hollywood Park at distances up to a mile and a sixteenth, is not renowned as an example of staying blood. There is a bit more evidence of stamina on the dam's side, but if Silky goes much further than Saturday's mile-and-an-eighth Derby he'll be tripping more than lightly over his own pedigree. The horses he beat were, for the most part, not top-drawer. His most formidable rival, Old Pueblo, is a colt who should concentrate on sprints from now on and can be discounted as a distance threat.

Silky Sullivan, hero that he is, has a tough road ahead in hoping to be the next Santa Anita Derby winner to take the Kentucky Derby. The big question now was put clearly by Eddie Arcaro last week: "The important thing to remember," says the man who has won more Kentucky Derbies than any other jockey, "is that Silky Sullivan has been making up 35 and 40 lengths on ordinary horses. What's he going to do



THE SILK MAN  
COCKS A ROGUEISH EYE  
AT ALL COMERS

when he tries to give away all that ground to top colts and then nail them in the stretch? If he can do it to a good horse like some of those Florida colts, Tim Tam and Jewel's Reward, then he's got to be good. Not only good but real good."

Silky is going to get just that opportunity. His next stop: the Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park on March

29, and then on to Keeneland and Churchill Downs for the big one. Do his connections think he has a chance? "Listen," says a jubilant Reggie Cornell, "the last time I saw Bill Corum I told him I wouldn't come back to Churchill Downs until I had a horse that would get me over there into his winner's circle. Now I'm ready to go back."

END



GOAL! KIDS (LEFT) LOVED THE FUN AND

# MAPLE

by **MILT DUNNELL**

(Sports Editor, "Toronto Star")

**R**OMAN KISSELEV, official interpreter for Soviet Russia's national hockey team, told Wren Blair, manager of the Whitby Dunlops, the company-sponsored club representing Canada: "We have been kidded about getting exiled to Siberia if we lose, but we know you are the ones who can't afford to lose. Your fans just won't tolerate it."

The Russian did not overstate the case by much. In 1954 the Canadian team lost in the world finals to the Russians, and the defeat was blown up into a national calamity. It happened again in the last Winter Olympics at Cortina. So the Canadians had been sent to Norway to win.





FURY AT OSLO STADIUM, BUT WERE NO HAPPIER THAN THESE HIGH-VOLTAGE CANADIANS (ABOVE) SCORING AGAINST THE SWEDES

## LEAF FOREVER!

**Canadian hockeymen, who had dropped the last two world 'amateur' titles to the Russians, had to win this time or be banished by the fans to their own Siberia. So they did**

Every move they made was part of a carefully calculated plan to defeat the Soviet Union on ice. The Whitby roster included two former big league pros (Sid Smith and Jean Paul Lamirande) who had been reinstated as amateurs.

So now it was a cold clear night in Jordal Amfi Stadium at Oslo, and operation Beat Russia had succeeded. Some 11,500 fans were packed in cramped rows. The cold ate into the bones of those who stood on eight inches of plank during five hours of bitter weather. (The Norwegians

frown on the kind of warmth that comes out of a bottle. There's a strict rule that anyone caught with a jug will be escorted out into the parking lot.) The frozen fans showed both patience and respect as they stood in silence while the Canadian ensign moved slowly toward the top of the flagstaff to the strains of *O Canada*. Harry Sinden, the stocky captain of the Canadian team, felt a tug at his sweater. Looking down, he saw the gold tooth of the grizzled Soviet Captain Nikolai Sologubov gleaming up at him impulsively. Sinden bussed

the Russian on his red neck. The crowd roared its approval, because these rivals had been tearing each other apart for at least 40 of 60 nerve-shattering minutes before Canada had captured the big game with the U.S.S.R. 4-2.

The Canadians had punished the Russians with crashing body checks. But if the Russians were hurt they refused to show it. To confess injury would have been to admit the Canadian strategy was succeeding, for the Canadians had to slow the Moscow express down to their own speed if they hoped to win. What had looked like a comparatively soft touch had turned out to be a grim struggle. On paper, it had seemed easy to figure. In six previous games Canada had

*continued on page 59*

**SPECTACLE**

*Photographed by Coles Phipps*

## *Battle of the Boys in Blue*

**This year, as so often before,  
Michigan's top-ranking  
swimmers will have to beat  
Yale for the college title**

For the past 20 years swimming in the U.S. has been a well-ordered world dominated by three college powers: Michigan, Yale and Ohio State. The two men who are doing the most to preserve the status quo for Michigan this year are Richard D. Hanley, the country's foremost freestyler, and his coach, Augustus (Gus) Stager, who is shown on the opposite page watching Hanley through an underwater window. Hanley is a swimmer worth watching for two reasons. He is the only U.S. collegian who has proved he can hang onto the fierce pace the Australian freestylers have been setting and, more important just now, he is the strongest hope of a remarkably strong Michigan team that defends its national collegiate title two weeks hence. With Ohio State relatively weak this year, the fight for the title will be between Michigan and, as often before, a challenging team from Yale.

Whether Michigan wins, as they should, or Yale squeezes through with an upset, this year's championships mark the end of an era. Neither Michigan nor Yale nor Ohio State is likely to lose power in the future, but other teams are catching up. Michigan State has been threatening to disrupt the well-ordered world of the Big Three for several years. This year swimmers of half a dozen colleges—notably the freestylers of Iowa, Wisconsin and Oklahoma—will be cutting heavily into the scoring. Next year, harvesting its finest crop of freshmen, the Indiana team will be aggravating, if not unbeatable. The revolt is under way, but it still has a way to go. While they will be hard-pressed, the excellent performers of Michigan and Yale shown on the following pages should, between them, win six or seven of the 12 individual swimming events at the championships.

*Through underwater window, Coach Gus Stager watches Dick Hanley, whose potential in individual events or as relay anchor makes Michigan favorite for NCAA title.*





***Freestyler** Roger Anderson, the latest of Yale's long line of powerful crawl swimmers, will challenge Michigan's front runner, Dick Hanley, for both the 220- and 440-yard titles.*

***Butterfly ace** Tim Jecko of Yale, champion in the one stroke in which the U.S. is still supreme, will be hard-pressed in both the butterfly and medley races by surprised rivals.*





*Breaststroker Cy Hopkins of Michigan, because of a new rule banning underwater swimming, must defend his 200-yard title with old but graceful surface stroke shown above.*

# EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

## *Sprouting Rhubarb*

MAKE NO MISTAKE, this magazine is not exactly against the genteel sporting manners peculiar to England's cricket pitches, where the stickiest wicket often engenders no rougher response than a mumbled "Bad show, old boy." Nevertheless, it has been well said that a difference of opinion is what makes horse racing, and it cannot be gainsaid that a point of view, strongly held and forcefully enunciated, lends a wonderful zest to the flavor of sportsmanship, like a pinch of red pepper in nourishing porridge.

Here and there in the bland blue skies that smiled on the world of sport last week, there was more than one sign of potential squalls ahead. Small, wispy clouds they were, no larger perhaps than a man's clenched fist, but we had each of them as bright testimony to the fact that there are still sportsmen who care. There is, for instance, ex-Dodger Coach Billy Herman who, after being summarily fired by the Bums, is now starting off on a new season with Milwaukee's Braves. "I've got a lot of good friends on the Dodgers," said Billy, with the air of a man who must do his duty as he sees it, "but I've got to call a spade a spade." And with that Coach Herman went on to call his old friends not only spades but a number of other picturesque names as well, including "prima donnas, pouters and complacent athletes who have to be forced to work." The Dodgers as a whole, said Billy, "is a dead ball club that badly needs a transfusion of young blood." A strong opinion to be sure but one that Dodger General Manager Buzzy Bavasi dismissed with an elegantly tossed spitball: "That's why we changed coaches."

Then there was Yankee Manager Casey Stengel, never a shy man with an opinion, who suddenly found himself the object of a bitter attack by, of all people, a Red Sox outfielder who objected to remarks Manager Stengel had made about his own boy Mickey Mantle, whose fielding, it seems, had not been up to par. That Stengel, said Boston Center Fielder Jimmy Piersall in defense of his kind, is nothing but a "bush leaguer."

But baseball had no monopoly on the rhubarb. North Carolina's Basketball Coach Frank McGuire has some pretty positive views himself, mostly about the treatment of visit-

ing cagers by overzealous home-team rooters. Last week after fuming through two halves of Duke University catcalls in a critical Atlantic Coast conference game, McGuire refused to let his boys leave the floor of the Duke gym even with police protection, insisted instead that they huddle together in center court until the floor was cleared. The gesture was carefully noted by Bill Murray, Duke's football coach who just happened to be one of the fans present. "It was the most revolting exhibition by a college coach that I have ever witnessed," said Murray. To which

*continued*

## REVENGE FOR CORTINA: CANADA WINS HOCKEY TITLE FROM RUSSIANS

—News Item



## EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

McGuire promptly snarled, "What business is it of his anyway?"

So there you have it—good insurance that a lively spirit of give and take will prevail on at least three major fronts. Even the genteel atmosphere of lawn tennis was rocked slightly when Top Pro Pancho Segura announced himself in favor of both cheers and boos from the grandstand. And it may be noted in summation that a vitriolic debate in the town council of Saskatoon, Sask. over whether or not to license female wrestling did little, perhaps, for the sport itself but succeeded in attracting a capacity crowd to the Council Chamber for the first time in its history.

### Name, Age, Collar Size

JUST AS A BUILDER specifies the grade of lumber he wants in a house, so Notre Dame has outlined the minimum requirements of raw material for its athletic teams. Reduced to handy check lists, the information was mailed off to alumni (mostly Notre Dame lettermen) as a sort of guide to high school stargazing. With it went application blanks

(Weight? Height? Age? Collar size? Married? Single?) to be filled out by any young athlete who meets the standard and thinks he might like to go to Notre Dame.

"Mainly," says Football Coach Terry Brennan, "we are trying to get



an earlier notice on kids who can help us. Often we never come in contact with an athlete until he is committed somewhere else or until our quotas are filled."

From the figures it is clear that Notre Dame's athletic standards are going to remain at least as high as its already high scholastic standards. All football players should be at least 6 feet tall except halfbacks, who may come in sizes down to 5 feet 10. Such small fry should weigh at least 170 pounds, however, and be able to run 100 yards in 10.2; quarterbacks (180 pounds) must do it in 10.5; and so on

up to the lumbering tackles (215 pounds minimum), who must be able to cover the distance in 12 seconds. "We would like to make it quite clear," says a note at the top of the page, "that these specifications should not be regarded as the absolute minimum. They have been established to give you some idea of what the coaches would like to have in the respective positions."

The track coach knows what he wants, too—any high school athlete who can run 100 yards in 09.9, or 440 yards in 49.0 or a mile in 4:24. And if there are any high jumpers around who can do 6 feet 3 or broad jumpers capable of 23 feet, he would be interested in them, too.

Notre Dame's alumni themselves had asked to have the minimum specifications set down, so that a former baseball player, for example, can tell at a glance whether a football player he has spotted is really worth bothering with. Hundreds of the guidance forms were sent out to alumni all over the country. Coaches, scouts and old grads in all conferences would be wise to get their lariats in motion earlier than ever this year and lock their barn doors every night.

## They Said It

**RIP ENGLE, Penn State,** on football's new point-after-touchdown rule: "They ought to make football into a television show like *Double or Nothing*. Say you get 12 points if you declare you're going for a touchdown by a rush from the 35-yard line, but only six points for a pass. To me it's that absurd."

**HARRY TRUMAN:** "It's a lot tougher to be a football coach than a president. You're got four years as a president, and they guard you. A coach doesn't have anyone to protect him when things go wrong."

**A GADGEE** at Seminole, Fla. explained to Phillips Turnball, a golfing specialist, a pressing need for extra cash: "Boss, a fellow ought to shoot a little crap every day because he might be walking around lucky and not know it."

**A RUSSIAN PING-PONG PLAYER** parrying a question about the chances of his team winning the European table tennis championships in Budapest: "Even for table tennis the ball is equally round for everybody."

**A PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER** arriving at the Baltimore Orioles camp in Scottsdale, Ariz. one weekend, chaffed day last week: "Is there any way we can take this up so it looks like Arizona?"

**WILLIE MIRANDA,** when told a rookie might beat him out of his regular infield job: "I know five reasons why he isn't going to—my wife and four children."

### Sport of Queens

WITHOUT A flutter or two on the right horse, the sport of kings would lose some of its spice—even for kings and queens. Turf-loving Britons have long recognized their queen as an avid follower of the bangtails, but only last week did they get positive assurance of what they had long suspected: Elizabeth and most of her family are enthusiastic punters (i.e., bettors) as well. The news emerged along with the fact that the shrewdest handicapper in the Royal Family—the Queen Mother—had just backed two winners in Melbourne, Australia, for a £14 killing.

The Queen herself, said a source close to the palace, "puts a couple of pounds on every race that she watches." The bets are invariably placed with the respectable old bookmaking firm of Ladbrooke and Co., which is much too high-toned to post odds at the track as lesser bookies do in England. Bookmakers to royalty



for the last 50 years or more, they deal only with well-known clients with established accounts. All bets are made on the cuff.

When Elizabeth II feels like taking a flyer, she sends an aide to the area where bookies operate. With the Queen's instructions at hand, he discreetly asks about odds, places the bet if the odds are right and informs Her Majesty. At week's end, Ladbroke's sends either a bill or check (pardon, cheque) to the equerry depending on the results, and he in turn settles with the Queen.

How is she doing? Excuse me, sir, but Ladbroke and Co. never discuss their clients' accounts with strangers.

### Marshmallows for the Coach

IT MAY NOT BE an actual state law, but in football-happy Texas it's certainly standard practice: when a gridiron coach has a successful season you give him a new car, preferably a Cadillac. But whoever heard of giving anything to a basketball coach in Texas? Whoever heard of



giving a new car to any kind of a coach in Texas who wins only half his games? The answer is nobody, but that didn't stop the students at Texas Tech, who can be just as rugged and individual as their pappies. "Polk Robison is as good a coach as anyone ever could play for," said Basketball Co-Captain Charley Lynch at a dormitory bull session last month. "He's a great guy," said Student-body President Dave Thompson, "we oughta do something for him." "Let's give him a car," said someone else, and that was it.

Tech's student body was mobilized for the fund drive. Thousands of cards reading "Best Texas A&M" were printed up and sold at a dime apiece. Hats were passed at game half times for donations. Once, when a special train carrying 300 students to Dallas got stuck behind a wreck, the enter-



"At least at the race track you can cheer. You don't silently watch your money well away with a cold knot in your stomach."

prising fund raisers dashed to a nearby store, cornered the market on buns, hot dogs and marshmallows and staged a giant picnic at trackside, selling toasted marshmallows at a premium for the sake of their coach.

Last week, after skinning through a 73-64 victory over Rice to tie for third place in the Southwest Conference, tall, lanky, kindly Polk Robison was hailed before the student body to receive his award for 17 years of devoted service: a spanking new red and white DeSoto.

"This is the first time anyone has ever done anything like this for me," he said.

### Debut

AT 19, Mike White is pretty puny for a big league ballplayer, but he has the advantage of a fine build, rare speed and excellent bloodlines. Most fans will remember Mike's father, Joyner ("Jo-Jo") White, as a class outfielder with the Detroit Tigers in that team's great days some 20 years ago.

Jo-Jo is now a scout for the Cleveland Indians, and it was he who recommended his son as a likely rookie. Jo-Jo tried to keep it all on a pretty businesslike basis, but he had a tough time concealing his pride last week

when his boy stepped up to the plate in his very first professional game. What made it tougher was that in this intrasquad contest Jo-Jo was the manager of one team and Mike was leadoff man for the other.

First up in the first inning, Mike displayed surprising power when he hit a fast ball deep to left center. It was an easy double. The next batter fled out to right field, not too deep, but Mike sprinted to third base after the catch. The third batter fled out to straightaway center, and Mike raced in to score, beating a perfect throw to the plate with his speed and a fine, dust-raising slide. It was the kind of debut that rookies dream of, even to the applause that followed him as he trotted briskly back to the bench.

"Look at Jo-Jo," one of the Cleveland sportswriters said, grinning, as the opposition manager tried to discipline his features.

A moment later Mike's team was on the field, and Mike was at short-stop. There was a man on first and one out, and the batter hit a ground ball to the second baseman. He fielded it and threw the ball to Mike at second for the force out. The runner was clearly out, but in the brief instant while Mike was lifting his arm to

continued

throw the ball on to first base for the double play, the runner's slide carried him into Mike's left leg. The ball flew to one side and, almost slowly, Mike fell down. And stayed down.

A small knot of players and coaches gathered around. Jo-Jo White was one of them. He thought his son had twisted a knee, and he ran his hands along the boy's leg to see if he could feel anything. He found an unbelievable right angle of what seemed like bone. "Oh my God," he muttered and turned away.

A short while after, the Indians' doctor gave the official diagnosis: "Complete unilateral dislocation of the knee." What did it mean? An old-time sportswriter provided the answer. "It's the rarest injury in sport," he said, "and probably the worst. Worse even than a broken leg. You can get over that."

### So You Win a Horse

THE SUDDEN ACQUIRING of \$64,000 on a television quiz show or the winning of a year's supply of mouthwash is a stroke of fortune that, conceivably, can be taken in stride. But soon, for the fifth straight year, a contest winner will wake up with a prize that will change his (or her) life in a way that cannot be described in 25 words or less. The Kentucky Club tobacco people are giving away another Thoroughbred race horse, this one a 2-year-old son of Count Fleet, Triple Crown winner of 1948. The dam is Gay Rhythm. The person submitting the winning name for the prize colt will also get \$1,000 cash and two tickets to the Kentucky Derby.

How will it feel to be the winner? Well, here are some case histories from the previous contests:

Mrs. Evelyn Foley of Danvers, Mass., widow of a policeman and a grandmother, came up with the first winning name—Fillequinne. Her prize raced New England tracks for four years, winning a total of \$7,480. But that was not all gravy. In fact, as Mrs. Foley now sees the picture, it was not gravy at all. For what she didn't spend on trainer fees, she laid on the line at the betting windows.

"I played for everybody in town,"

she recalls now. "I got dizzy running around to those windows. The time Fillequinne won by 6½ lengths at Suffolk Downs, I had the least amount of money on it—\$10 across the board." Finally, Mrs. Foley sold the horse (which cost the tobacco company \$3,500) for \$250. The lesson learned?



She'll enter this year's contest and, out of her experience, she is confident that "this gray-haired grandmother will show them."

The name Delphidessa won a Thoroughbred for Walter Mills of Cincinnati, a 33-year-old linotype operator. "I had to use some of my paycheck each week for training expenses," he says, "but it sure made a difference when I won. I felt good. I met interesting people. I was especially happy on a swing around New York where Delphidessa won at Belmont and was second at Saratoga." His biggest kick came in selecting his own silks of white and red stripes, black bars and circles back and front. Mills finally disposed of Delphidessa (original cost \$6,000) for \$1,000. "But," he says, "I still keep the silks at home just in case I ever get the fever again."

Biggest star of the contest horses was Aurecolt, named by Dr. David M. Driver, chairman of the Division of Language and Literature at Hen-



### Bozed

The cries of poor Sharly  
Are causing concern.  
When he ran the 440  
He was bozed on the turf.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

derson State Teachers College, Arkadelphia, Ark. Dr. Driver, who is 59, knew little or nothing about race horses, but he did know about contests, in which he has won scores of prizes. When he found himself a horse owner, he took a lot of kidding from his students and colleagues, but that didn't persuade him to sell the horse. His college professor's income did, however, and he pocketed \$5,000 paid him by the horse's trainer, Jack Carter of Hot Springs, Ark. Since then, Aurecolt has won \$33,665, and last fall at Churchill Downs he set a world's record of 1:29 for the seldom-raced distance of 7½ furlongs.

"And there we sat in a special box at the Kentucky Derby," says Mrs. Dorn Blacklock, 41, the San Francisco housewife who won last year, "Whitneys to the right of us, Whitneys to the left of us. We had a marvelous time. We were photographed in the winner's circle, we met Bill Corum, we drank juleps. We never regretted winning All Hurray Bhai." This last statement is a brave one, for the horse that Mrs. Blacklock named and won has had nothing but ailments of one kind or another and at present the veterinarian is waiting for permission from the insurance company to operate. The Blacklocks' colt ran at Churchill Downs, placed third and won \$280. He has never won another cent although he has raced at Keeneland and in California. To pay the mounting bills, Mrs. Blacklock has gone back to work, but even so she and her husband wouldn't trade the experiences of the past year for anything—except possibly another (and a little sounder) race horse.

This year's prize colt cost the tobacco people \$17,500 at Saratoga last summer. Now galloping daily at Keeneland, he has been nominated for the Belmont Futurity, the Filleco Futurity and the 1969 Santa Anita Maturity. Jockey Ted Atkinson, who helped select him, says, "This individual has . . . top potential. Nothing is beyond his reach."

Name him, enclose a tobacco wrapper from one of nine stipulated brands—and he's yours. And don't worry about the expense. As Dorn Blacklock of San Francisco found out, your wife can always go back to work.

# SAGA OF THE MUSTARD SANDWICH

THE DAY I was elected captain of the Columbia University basketball team, I went home and ate a mustard sandwich for dinner. That's all we could afford." This is George Gregory talking. In 1931 he became the first Negro All-American basketball player in the history of the game. Gregory, a tall, distinguished 51-year-old who is now a Commissioner of Civil Service in New York City, was discussing the rise of the Negro in intercollegiate sport, a rise which is nowhere more dramatically demonstrated than on this year's college basketball scene. As the various All-American selections for 1958 are made, it is increasingly evident that the five best college players in the country are all Negroes—Guy Rodgers of Temple, Oscar Robertson of Cincinnati, Wilt Chamberlain of Kansas, Elgin Baylor of Seattle and Bob Boozer of Kansas State. And a second All-America five, all Negro, could just as easily be John Green of Michigan State, Tom Hawkins of Notre Dame, Gene Brown of San Francisco, Jay Norman of Temple and Wayne Embury of Miami (Ohio).

It is George Gregory's conviction that one of the big reasons for this phenomenon is the fact that the average Negro family is no longer living on mustard sandwiches.

There are, of course, other reasons and the chief of these is that basketball itself is only now achieving status as a first-rank sport on campus. Today most major colleges offer full

scholarships to young men who, in addition to qualifying academically, are good basketball players. Only a few years ago competition for athletes was limited to football men but as schools have begun to appreciate the prestige (and, yes, the money-making potential) that comes with winning basketball, the bidding for good shooters has become as hectic as the scramble for linebackers. This increased opportunity for a free education has been an incentive for all athletes—white and Negro—but for the Negro it came at almost the precise time when he was being welcomed in ever-greater numbers anyway by the larger universities. At the average state college 20 full scholarships are now available to the basketball coach. And at those schools where there are no racial bars the Negro is getting his share of the scholarships.

It is also true that basketball has always been popular among those who cannot afford the equipment for football, baseball, tennis and other sports. Even in Gregory's day when, as he puts it, "we had to play on cold, dark basement courts where you had to dribble around a furnace to take a shot," there were excellent Negro amateur and professional teams. The old Renaissance squads of the 1920s and '30s, whose games with the Original Celtics were classics of competition, were perhaps the finest all-Negro teams the game has ever known. And today, in integrated



GEORGE GREGORY: HE WAS THE FIRST

schools, playgrounds, settlement houses and YMCAs, good courts and expert coaching are available to the young Negro athlete.

There remains, finally, the seldom-expressed yet inescapable fact which conceivably dominates all others. Basketball is a team game—a symbol to the Negro, when he plays it, of his approach to full American citizenship. Says George Gregory: "The Negro enjoys a deep psychological thrill from playing in a mixed group. He has a sense of belonging, of being wanted and needed and of making a contribution."

Paving the way for racial amity may not be the least of sport's own contributions.

## TWO SQUADS OF ALL-AMERICAS: THE BEST ON CAMPUS



BOB BOOZER



OSCAR ROBERTSON



GUY RODGERS



WILT CHAMBERLAIN



ELGIN BAYLOR



TOM HAWKINS



GENE BROWN



WAYNE EMBURY



JAY NORMAN



JOHN GREEN



**LUNGING** womanfully for the ball at Vero Beach, Fla., despite the restriction of her skirt, is Ruth Jackson, while husband Randy, Los Angeles third baseman, shows her the perils of playing the hot corner.

**BEAMING** by her prize-winning 43-pound grouper is Mrs. B. T. Whitaker of Tucson, Ariz. who, along with 500 other outdoor enthusiasts, took part in the annual Cholla Bay (Mexico) Sportsmen's Club derby.



## WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

# THE INFINITE ROLES OF WOMAN

The mutability of woman, long a topic for idle poets and recumbent philosophers, nowadays is the pursuit of photographers who hurry or wait to capture her infinite roles and fancies



**CONSOLING** her tearful son Earl, 3½, is Mrs. Wm. Wilfong, wife of the St. Louis Hawks guard. Earl was blissfully shooting baskets in a pregame drill at St. Louis' Kiel Auditorium until Wm., fearful that his son would be inadvertently trampled by the towering NBA players, benched him.



**LOOKING** massively on a slope in Kitzbühel, Austria, is Lisbeth Polland, who, 30 years and many, many pounds ago, won the first of the celebrated Arlberg-Kandahar races from seven other women. Today Frau Polland, 63, jovially admits to 339 pounds but still barrels imposingly down the hills all winter long and swims throughout the summer.

**EYE-FILLING** sight in languorous old Saigon are bikini-ed pupils of Robert Vatin (standing, left), who teaches swimming and water ballet to Viet namese, members of the French and American colonies. Vatin learned technique from films made at Yale and Florida State. Twenty Vatin students have returned to Europe to set national records.



# THE AMERICA'S CUP RACE IS ON

**The big race is actually six months away, but scientists, engineers and designers are working night and day for the biggest sports prize of 1958**

**L**AST WEEK the lid popped off the America's Cup situation in the U.S. and revealed that even though the big race isn't until September the designers of the 12-meter Cup boats were already racing each other wide open. The lid lifted when *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* was permitted to photo-

graph the 4 1/4-foot test models of the new U.S. yachts (shown opposite) for the first time. Until now their exact lines had been the secret of the testing tank laboratory. There the designers pitted them against imaginary opponents for months before they made the hard decision on the final

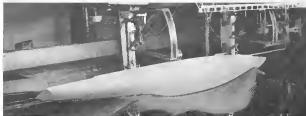
shape and started running up baskets of blueprints for the builders.

Here, for the first time, yachtsmen have a chance to compare the lovely lines that will be launched, full-scale, to compete in this summer's trials. One of them will have the honor of defending the country's most prized international sports trophy against *Sceptre*, the British challenger.

Even a quick look at the five sleek hulls will tell an out-and-out land-lubber he is in the presence of speed, just as surely as if he were looking at a Jupiter C missile on a Cape Canaveral launching pad. Almost 100% of today's big sailing yachts are designed to cruise across an ocean if the owner wants to. The 12-meter is not. Her long, graceful overhangs fore and aft are wasted room in terms of stowing gear, but they increase her speed tremendously when she heels over in a wind. She is a development of an international racing rule which in the hands of designers produces the fastest yacht of its size afloat.

It is partly to encourage sailing in the 12-meter class that America's

*continued*



MODEL OF "SWIFT" SIMULATES HIGH SPEED IN STEVENS INSTITUTE TANK TEST



PROPOSED MODEL FOR BRITISH CHALLENGER "SCEPTRE" UNDERGOES TESTS IN TANK DESIGNED BY SAUNDERS-ROE GROUP



**'VIM'**

DESIGNER: OLIN STEPHENS

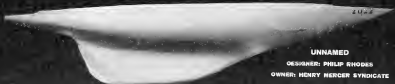
OWNER: JOHN MATTHEWS



**'SWIFT'**

DESIGNER: OLIN STEPHENS

OWNER: HENRY SEARS SYNDICATE



**UNNAMED**

DESIGNER: PHILIP RHODES

OWNER: HENRY MERCER SYNDICATE



**'EASTERNER'**

DESIGNER: C. RAYMOND HUNT

OWNER: CHANDLER HOVEY SYNDICATE



**'SCEPTRE'**

DESIGNER: DAVID SOYD

OWNER: ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON SYNDICATE

Cup racing has been revived. The effect has been fine. The usually genial and leisured world of yachting has been thrown into a hurly-burly of excitement, plans, negotiations and discreet espionage at the prospect of the first Cup races in 21 years. Amid all the hoopla, however, a few pretty solid facts have emerged. The first of these is that any new boat defending the America's Cup is going to have to get by the 19-year-old but still sharp *Vim* (top, preceding page) now owned and sailed by John Matthews of New York. Built for Harold Vanderbilt in the spring of 1939, *Vim* took 19 firsts, four seconds in 27 races that summer against the best English 12-meter boats of the time, proving herself the best 12-meter in history, a

title she has held unchallenged until this year.

The New York firm of Sparkman & Stephens, Inc. which designed *Vim*, has also been picked as the firm most likely to design the boat that beats her. Sparkman & Stephens' *Swift*, being built for the New York Yacht Club syndicate headed by Henry Sears, sticks pretty close to *Vim*'s successful lines. According to Rod Stephens, "We changed things a few inches here and a few inches there, and that's about all I'd want to say. Individually, the changes are small, collectively—well, we'll see."

A glance at the preceding page will show that the third boat from the top, as yet unnamed, designed by Phil Rhodes for the Henry Mercer syndicate of New Jersey, seems a bit deeper and fuller forward. Her over-

all length of 69 feet, however, is within a few inches of *Swift*'s and *Vim*'s and her lines comparable. Not so the lines of *Easterner* (next, below). Sticking his neck out is regulation procedure for Ray Hunt, her designer, and *Easterner*, built for the Chandler Hovey syndicate of Boston, is a full four feet shorter than the others, with a unique, sharp-cornered keel and lines generally more unconventional in character, as becomes a good New Englander. Although a shorter hull has a lower theoretical top speed, under the formula which controls the building of the 12-meters, it has the option of carrying more sail than a longer yacht.

*Sceptre*, like the other new boats, is an unknown. But it is known that the British, tired of losing, consecutively, the 16 America's Cup races since 1851, and tired of being trounced by the likes of *Vim*, evaluated possible models for *Sceptre* in testing tanks patterned after those of the Stevens Institute of Technology in Hoboken, N.J. The Stevens tanks helped produce *Vim* as well as the last (and fastest) America's Cup defender, Harold Vanderbilt's *Ranger*.

Hunt, Rhodes and Stephens spent a good deal of their time at Stevens last year. The tanks at Stevens cannot design a yacht, but they can spot a lemon. They can tell a designer if a certain shape will be slow or fast under given conditions. It is the possibility of improving a promising design that keeps the designer at the testing tanks as long as he (and his client) can afford it.

Besides trying to read the prophetic ripples at Stevens this year, the American designers have been doing a lot of reading supplied by the U.S. Weather Bureau concerning the likely conditions off Newport, R.I., where the race will be held. September winds are tricky. "Anything from a hurricane to a flat calm," muttered one of the designers. Thus, no architect would dare design a Cup boat which could capitalize on heavy or light wind alone. By the time the trials start, each syndicate will have up to \$300,000 invested in their attempt, so incentive to gamble all-out on one kind of wind is at a minimum. But when the one British and the one American boat meet off Newport, it is a fair bet that one will be a bit faster in a strong wind, the other in a light wind. Given equal skill in the crews, it may be that the wind will pick the winner.

MISSILE-SHAPED HULLS resting on floor of tank-testing laboratory at Stevens Institute show streamlined bows faring back in aerodynamically clean lines. Left to right: Ray Hunt's *Easterner*, Rhodes' unnamed hull, and Olin Stephens' *Vim* and *Swift*.







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### **THIS ISSUE SAL MAGLIE ON PITCHING**

*The craftiest pitcher in baseball, this tough old veteran has spent 20 years in the game, pitched a no-hitter, won 22 games in a season and has been on four pennant-winning teams.*



### **MARCH 31 ROY SIEVERS ON HITTING**

*Rookie of the Year in 1949 but plagued by injuries later, the big slugger with the beautiful swing has battled back to become home run and RBI king, one of baseball's finest hitters.*



### **APRIL 21 DEL CRANDALL ON CATCHING**

*A polished, intelligent receiver with an outstanding arm, this young veteran has been a regular since he was 19, now handles perhaps the best pitching staff in all baseball.*



### **MAY 5 GIL McDOUGALD ON INFIELDING**

*A fine killer and base runner, the talented and versatile Yankee is considered supreme on defense, has played three infield positions with distinction and a flair amounting to genius.*



### **MAY 19 RICHIE ASHBURN ON OUTFIELDING, BASE RUNNING**

*With a glove or on the bases, the fleet Phil is one of the best; his career record is almost certain one day to include more putouts than any other outfielder in baseball history.*



PART 1

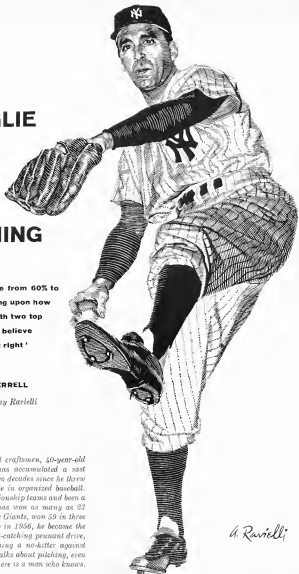
# SAL MAGLIE ON THE ART OF PITCHING

**'Pitching can be anywhere from 60% to 90% of baseball, depending upon how good the pitchers are. With two top pitchers working, I really believe the higher figure is about right'**

**TOLD TO ROY TERRELL**

*Illustrations by Anthony Ravielli*

One of baseball's most skilled craftsmen, 40-year-old Salvatore Anthony Maglie has accumulated a vast fund of pitching lore in the two decades since he threw his first strike across the plate in organized baseball. He has pitched on four championship teams and been a winner in both leagues. He has won as many as 23 games in a season and, for the Giants, won 59 in three years. Supposedly washed up in 1956, he became the key figure in Brooklyn's heart-catching pennant drive, winning 13 games and pitching a no-hitter against Philadelphia. When Maglie talks about pitching, even the major leaguers listen, for here is a man who knows.



WITH nothing but a real good fast ball, one that breaks and jumps and moves all over the place, a pitcher can be a big winner in high school and college, on the sandlots, even in the minor leagues. But no one—not even a Bob Feller or a Herb Score—can consistently throw the ball past big league hitters. The guys you run into up here are just too good for that. So although a strong arm is always an advantage and while it may get a boy into the big leagues in the first place, if he wants to stick around for a while and be one of the real good ones, he is going to have to pick up something else. After 20 years in organized ball, I personally believe these are the things a pitcher must eventually have if he expects to last. These are the things that make a big league pitcher:

Control, both of his pitches and of himself.

Confidence and determination.

Knowledge and experience.

This may appear to be a very simple list—but it is not nearly so simple as it sounds. In talking about control, for example, I am not talking about just getting the ball over the plate. I'm talking about that real pinpoint control that enables a pitcher to put the ball exactly where he wants it every time. The same is true of confidence and determination. The type of confidence and determination I mean is the kind that keeps a pitcher going when everything says to him that he is beaten, the kind that just won't permit him to quit. And when I say knowledge, I mean the real deep inside knowledge one gains not just through time spent at a job but, even more, from an awful lot of study and experimentation. These things are not simple at all.

I mentioned control first, the ability to pitch to spots, to clip those corners or—sometimes almost as important—barely to miss them. Well, it is true that control is one of those things some pitchers just naturally have more of than others: Robin Roberts, Newcombe, yes, Maglie, too. We're lucky. But anyone can improve with a lot of hard work. For instance, it is surprising how many pitchers really don't know the strike zone the way they should. A good way to learn it and also to practice control is to pitch through one of those string gadgets like the Dodgers use at Vero Beach. But it is also important to remember that the strike zone changes with the hitter; it's pretty big with a stand-up guy like Zernial, for example, slightly smaller with a fellow who crouches a bit like Mantle, and it can get awfully small with a batter who uses an extreme crouch like Stan Lopata of the Phils. The strike zone also changes with the umpire, and although I don't advocate cheating, a pitcher has to take everything he has coming to him. Some umpires will give you that little bit extra down low, others to the inside, some up high. When they're working behind the plate, it's smart to take advantage of what you know.

The actual control of a pitch is, of course, something each pitcher has to work out for himself. It depends upon so many factors—the release point, the smoothness of the delivery, the stride—that it has to be a natural thing. It's like a kid throwing a rock at a tree. He doesn't figure out exactly when he'll let go of the rock in order to hit his target; he just throws and if he misses, he makes an adjustment the next time. Pitchers are the same way. It takes work and practice. But here's one little trick that can help. If a pitcher finds that he is consistently off to one side or the other—say he is a right-hander and is throwing everything just a little

wide, a shade outside—he should try moving over to his right on the rubber. In other words, just change his normal starting position a few inches. A lot of times this will do the job.

Another good way to develop control is to have a target every time you throw. Even when warming up on the sidelines or fooling around before a game, a pitcher should be throwing at a spot: the other fellow's right knee or his left shoulder or the buckle on his belt. That way he doesn't get into bad habits.

As for this business of control of self, I consider it just as important, in some ways more so. I don't mean merely staying in shape, although that is absolutely necessary. Self-control means controlling your temper and retaining your poise. I remember how I used to get pretty hot when some team would begin teasing off on me; all I wanted to do was get that ball back from the catcher



A PITCHER has to have confidence that he can beat the other team and the determination to go out there and do it. You can't let anyone run over you. If you battle all the way, there aren't many teams that are going to beat you.

in a hurry so I could fire it back in there again. But Stanky or Alvin Dark would call for the ball and fool around with it and give me a chance to cool off and slow down. I remember I didn't like that much and I'd be telling them to give me the blasted ball. But Stanky would just stand there and hold the ball behind him and grin until I had calmed down. Then I would be all right. Finally I learned how to do it for myself. I notice Bob Turley has started to step off the mound when things get a little shaky, take a couple of deep breaths and then

continued

go back to work. Something like that can help. If a pitcher can keep his head even when they're hitting him pretty hard or his infield has kicked a few or he's had a couple of raw calls, then he is way out ahead.

Self-control also means controlling your mind, concentrating everything you have on the job at hand. I consider a lesson from Jack Ogden at Elmhurst back in 1941 about as important as anything I've learned in baseball since. "Sal, when you pitch," he said, "pitch to that man that's at the plate. Don't worry about the man that's up next." This sounds pretty simple, but believe me, when

**FAST BALL** is gripped tight, held pretty deep in the hand and is thrown so that it will slide straight off the end of the fingers.



**ALL PITCHES** should be thrown with same motion in order to keep from tipping off batter as to what to expect next. The only variation should be intentional, to break up normally smooth pitching rhythm and spell the timing of the batter.

you're working on some .230 hitter and Williams or Musial is up next, it's pretty hard to keep from thinking ahead. Of course Ogden was right. What good does it do to have it all figured out how you're going to stop the big hitter when the little hitter just ahead of him puts one in the seats and the ball game is over.

In some ways confidence and determination may sound like different things, but to a pitcher they have to go together. And without them no pitcher ever became great. He has to have confidence he can beat the other team and then he has to have the determination to go out there and do it. And the other way around.

There isn't too much I can say about either one except stress the fact that I consider them just about as important as anything a pitcher can have. Determination has a lot to do with pride, I guess, and the desire to be better than someone else. If you battle all the way, all the time, not many teams are going to beat you.

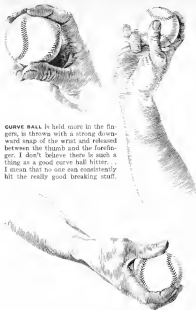
You can't let anyone run over you, for example. O.K., so they hit you a little. Right there is when you have to show them who is boss. Every batter is a challenge. I've been accused of giving some close shaves in my time, and I guess I have. I don't throw at hitters, but I won't deny that I make pretty sure they aren't digging in against me. I know I have to keep them loose.

That's when determination really shows up, when you get in a tight spot. I find that I just start to work harder. I notice that I'm pushing off the rubber harder, trying to get a little more on the ball. It doesn't always work, of course. You have to lose a few. But without that something extra when the going gets tough, you would certainly lose more than just a few.

Confidence works in a lot of ways. A pitcher has to have confidence that he can throw his good pitch in there in a tough situation, on a 3-1 count, say, or 2 and 0. He has to be confident that his best pitch can get any batter out. I've had a lot of people ask me who I thought was under the most pressure in a tough spot with the count 3 and 2. I always say the batter. That's because I have enough confidence to believe that I can throw my big pitch in there for a strike with the odds all in my favor that the batter isn't going to hit it. I'm a curve ball pitcher and I just don't believe there is such a thing as a good curve ball hitter. Now don't misunderstand me. I don't mean that a guy like Roy Sievers, who is a curve ball hitter, can't occasionally hit my curve or anyone else's. What I mean is that no one can consistently hit really good breaking stuff. It is the curve ball that doesn't do exactly what you want it to that the batters hit. Well, I have confidence that my curve is going to do what I want it to most of the time, and I'm just as sure that when it does no one is going to hit it.

There is one other way confidence and determination pay off, and this concerns the fact that a pitcher isn't pitching only against another team's batters, he is also pitching against another pitcher. If I go out there to pitch against Robin Roberts—and I'm talking about the Roberts of two or three years ago—I have to figure that my club isn't going to get me, on the average, more than a couple or three runs. So I know that I'm going to have to stop the Phillies on one or two and I'm determined to do it. And I'm confident I can. Of course if Roberts pitches a shutout, there's nothing I can do about that. As I said, you have to lose a few.

Baseball is like anything else. There is no substitute for experience and the knowledge it brings. But for a



**CURVE BALL** is held more in the fingers, is thrown with a strong downward snap of the wrist and released between the thumb and the forefinger. I don't believe there is such a thing as a good curve ball hitter. I mean that no one can consistently hit the really good breaking stuff.

pitcher, experience doesn't mean just sticking around in the big leagues for a few years and hoping you'll absorb enough knowledge merely by being there. You only get experience and knowledge by working for them. And I mean working all the time.

To give you an example, I try never to throw a meaningless pitch. Every ball I throw up to the plate has a purpose. If I'm not doing anything else, I'm experimenting. And I believe this is one of the real secrets of how to be a standout big league pitcher. For instance, I may be facing a batter with everything in my favor and I know that, say, he is a sucker for a curve down low on the outside corner. If the game is close, sure, I'll throw him that pitch and get him out. But if we are way ahead or way behind or the situation allows me to experiment, I'll throw him something else, just to see what he will do with it. And whether he hits me or not, I have learned something. Next time I face that same batter, I know one more little thing about him. After a while, they all add up.

This brings up the one most important thing you gain from experience: knowledge of the hitters. I never quit studying them. I study them when I'm pitching and when I'm not. I watch them in batting practice and, when I'm not working a game, I watch them from the bullpen or the bench. Frequently, before a game, I may sit around talking to other players or to writers. I'm afraid, however, I'm only giving them part of my attention. Mostly, I'm watching the hitters.

I watch how they stand, of course, how they stride,

and how they get the bat around. This helps, but you have to be careful. You may have heard the old story that a big muscular guy is usually a sucker for a tight pitch. Well, this could be true in two cases out of three, but the minute you begin to believe it, that third one comes up there and rips one down the line that just about cuts your third baseman in half. No, each and every hitter is an individual, and you have to study him that way.

You can learn something from the way another pitcher works on a batter and what luck he may have, but you have to be careful here, too. A pitcher has to be smart enough to adapt what he sees to his own particular style. For example, Newcombe may get a batter out with a fast ball right across the letters, but I could never get the same man out with the same pitch because my fast ball doesn't take off like Newk's. Now Whitey Ford pitches a lot more like I do—good curve, good control, changeup, occasional sneaky fast ball—but since Whitey is a left-hander, his stuff is different, too. It's breaking the other way. So you see, you have to be careful when you say a batter can't hit a ball over the outside corner. It depends on who is throwing the ball.

Every pitcher likes to get out ahead of the hitter, usually putting a strike across on the first pitch. But if he is going to do that, he had better really put a little something extra on that first pitch to certain hitters. Guys like Aaron and Schoendienst. They are first ball hitters and they walk up to the plate looking to take a cut at that first pitch. A pitcher has to know—and remember—who they are.

In the same way, when you have two strikes on some batters, you find they are suddenly just twice as tough as before. Mussel is the best example I can think of. Or maybe Williams. In fact, this seems to be true of most of the real good hitters. You can't tease them into chasing anything. On that third strike you have to come in



**SLIDER**, which has become a big pitch, is something of a combination of the curve and fast ball. It can be thrown either by releasing index finger first, causing ball to spin a little off center, or else by gripping ball slightly off center in the first place—which will achieve the same effect.

there with a good pitch. Again, a pitcher had better be certain he knows who those hitters are.

I think the pitches themselves are pretty fundamental. There is more than one way to grip a ball properly for the same pitch and the only rule is that each pitcher should hold the ball the way that feels right for him. Bob Lemon, for example, throws his fast ball by putting his two fingers right together and across the seam. On

continued

the other hand, I spread my fingers and grip along the seams. It isn't important, just so it works.

You grip a fast ball tight, hold it pretty deep in the hand, and let it slide straight off the fingers. You hold the curve out in the fingers a little more, throw it with a snap of the wrist and let it go between your thumb and forefinger. The slider, which has become one of the big pitches in recent years, is something of a combination of the two. It doesn't break as much as a curve but comes in with a lot more speed, almost like a fast ball, and then breaks very sharply at the last moment. It can be thrown either by releasing the index finger first, causing the ball to spin a little off center, or else by gripping the ball slightly off center in the first place, which will achieve the same effect.

There are a lot of other pitches, more or less in the trick category: the knuckler, the palm ball, the foek ball, things like that. Most of them are slow and hardly rotate. They come up to the plate wobbling all over, and no one knows what they are going to do. They can be very effective if a pitcher learns to throw them right.

But the best pitch in baseball is the change of pace. Suppose that a batter is expecting a fast ball and suddenly, with the same motion, the pitcher throws something that takes a much longer time to get to the plate. The hitter is off balance, and even if he can recover in time to get a piece of the ball, he seldom does much damage. For a changeup most pitchers take a little something off their fast ball, but other things will work, too. A slow curve is what I use. The main thing is to throw it with the same motion that you use for other pitches. In fact, the more different speeds that a pitcher can throw each of his pitches with, the better off he is. He may have only three basic pitches but if he can vary the speed on all three—using the same motion, of course—then he actually has a lot of pitches.

The reason the changeup is so effective, of course, is due to the fact that speed, in pitching, is relative. Take the reverse case. Even the junkies, the real slow ball pitchers, can cross up a batter by suddenly bursting one across as hard as they can throw. After looking at nothing but a bunch of slop all afternoon, anything would seem fast. It may be hard to believe but Preacher Roe used to strike out a lot of batters with his fast ball and,

believe me, it wasn't really fast at all. Just fast in comparison with what he threw most of the time.

The reason it is necessary to have a variety of pitches is to fool the batter, which is what you are out there to do. As I said in the beginning, not even a great fast ball pitcher can throw the ball consistently past big league hitters. If a batter knows that a fast ball is all that he has to worry about, he gets all set for it and—believe me—he will hit it. Hitters will treat a curve the same way, just so long as they know it is coming. In fact, even a fast ball and a curve together are hardly enough. The good hitters will set themselves for the fast ball, protecting against it, and then look for the curve. And even if they are guessing, the chances are they will be right half the time. That makes the odds too heavy in their favor. So you can see why a big league pitcher must have three good pitches. No batter can be ready for all three, and if he starts guessing, now the odds are all in the pitcher's favor. Personally, that's right where I think they belong.

There is one more little thing I would like to mention while on this subject of pitches, something of a pet theory of mine. A pitcher can have too many pitches as well as too few. Say he has five—a fast ball, curve, slider, changeup and knuckler, for example. Well, in the first place it is almost impossible to perfect five pitches. It takes most people a long time to really perfect three. Then, on every pitch, the catcher has to decide which one he wants—the fast ball, curve, slider, changeup or knuckler. Then the pitcher has to decide whether the catcher has made the right call. Sometime during a long afternoon it is liable to get pretty confusing. And while all this is going on, the batter, who can't hope to guess which one of five pitches he is going to see next, has quit guessing entirely. He is just standing up there waiting for the pitch he can hit, and when he sees it coming he's all set. No, I think that three pitches, really perfected, is just the right number.

But beyond that, a pitcher learns with experience that no batter can be fooled all the time just by a random assortment of pitches. You have to pitch with a definite plan in mind, using one pitch to make another more effective. This is what we call setting up the batter.

There are as many ways to do it as there are hitters—or pitchers, for that matter—but I will give you a simple example. Since I am a curve ball pitcher, we will

*continued*



**BEST PITCH** in baseball is the change of pace. Thrown with same motion as the fast ball (above), the changeup comes in much slower (below), leaves batter off balance. Even if



he is able to recover in time to get a piece of the ball, he seldom does very much damage. Great effectiveness of changeup is due to the fact that, in pitching, speed is relative.







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*After Dinner*

## "CHATELITE"

1 1/2 oz. Early Times  
1/2 oz. Brandy  
1/2 oz. Bols Absinthe  
Stir with ice and straw. Add all of orange  
peel twist.

Created by  
Pablo L. Acevedo, Bronx, N. Y.

## "CHERRIO"

1 oz. Early Times  
1/2 oz. Bols Cherry Liqueur  
1/2 oz. Grenadine  
Shake with crushed ice and straw. De-  
corate with cherry.

Created by  
Joel A. Rivers, Jacksonville, Fla.

## "LOVELY"

1 oz. Early Times  
1/2 oz. Bols Cherry Liqueur  
1/2 oz. Bols Apricot Liqueur  
1 oz. Cream  
Mix in electric blender with ice, strain and  
serve.

Created by  
Charles S. Berner, Culver City, Calif.



*Before Dinner*

## "BURLESQUE"

1 oz. Early Times  
1/2 oz. Bols Triple Sec  
1/2 oz. Bols Peachy Amour  
1/2 oz. Lemon Juice  
Shake with crushed ice, strain and serve.

Created by  
Gao. Reisdorfer, San Francisco, Calif.

## "LOUISVILLE COCKTAIL"

1 1/2 oz. Early Times  
1/2 oz. Dry Sherry  
1/2 oz. Bols Orange Curacao  
2 dashes Orange Bitters  
Stir with ice, strain and add lemon peel  
twist.

Created by  
John E. J. MacDuffee, Jr., Baltimore, Md.

## "TENNESSEE BELLE"

1 oz. Early Times  
1/2 oz. Bols Curacao  
1/2 oz. Peppermint  
juice of 1/2 Lime  
Shake with ice, strain and serve.

Created by  
William C. Wilson, Los Angeles, Calif.

# drinks



Coolers

## "EKOTIC"

2 oz. Early Times  
1/2 oz. Bols Triple Sec  
1/4 oz. Bols White  
Creme de Cacao  
2 oz. Unsweetened  
Pineapple Juice  
1 oz. Apricot Nectar  
Shake. Pour into tall glass filled with  
ice. Add cherry. Serve with straws.  
Created by  
Johnny Lepidine, Independence, Mo.

## "COCONUT GROVE"

1 1/2 oz. Early Times  
1/2 oz. Bols Grenade  
1 oz. Lemon Juice  
1/4 oz. Orange Juice  
1/2 oz. Grenadine  
10 oz. Jamaica Rum  
(for food)  
Shake. Pour into Pilsener glass with  
ice. Garnish with fruit slices, mint.  
Created by  
Thomas E. Stenger, Burbank, Calif.

## "RABBIT'S REVENGE"

1 1/2 oz. Early Times  
1 dash Grenadine  
1 oz. Pineapple Juice  
Quinine Water (to fill)  
Put dash of grenadine over  
cracked ice, add other in-  
gredients. Stir, decorate with  
cherry, orange slice.  
Created by  
Mrs. M. Stein,  
San Francisco, Calif.

Order them at your tavern—try them at home—enjoy the touch of genius

These are the best of more than 16,200 original recipes entered by professional bartenders from America's finest hotels, taverns and restaurants. Try them at your favorite tavern, made with the skill of a professional bartender. Or at home, they'll be the hit of your next party. Your neighborhood liquor store has all the ingredients.

**Early Times** is the whisky that brings you more enjoyment all the time. Your

very first taste will tell you why this is the whisky that made Kentucky whiskies famous...and that's why Early Times is always worth the few cents more it costs.

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GOOD

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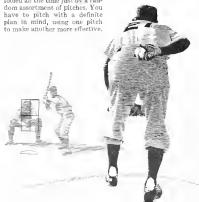
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chases it, fine, he's out. Probably, however, he takes it for ball two. But remember that he has seen two straight curves and his eye is getting adjusted to the curve now. So I whip a fast ball around his whiskers. It's ball three but he is backing out of there now. The next pitch is the curve, low and away, and I put everything on it that I can. He is lucky if he comes within a foot of the ball. Strike three and he's out.

That was too easy, of course, but, anyway, that's the idea. That is what you try to do. If a pitcher is a good fast ball pitcher, he operates in much the same way, using his curve as a waste pitch and to keep the batter guessing, his changeup to keep him off balance, the fast ball to get him out.

In the case above, the batter's weakness and the pitcher's strength happened to coincide. This is a happy situation—for the pitcher—but unfortunately it doesn't occur often enough. Sometimes a pitcher has to make a choice: Does he go with his best pitch against a batter who is known for being able to hit that particular pitch, or does he try something else which he doesn't throw nearly so well but which happens to be the batter's weakness. Personally, I believe that in a tough situation, regardless of what the batter can or can't hit, the pitcher should try to get the out by going to his big pitch. And this is where confidence comes in again. You have to

*continued*



**PITCHING PLAN** incorporates knowledge, experience, control and confidence. Here the batter is kept off balance with an assortment of curves, fast balls and changeups thrown at

varying speeds and to widely separated spots around and inside strike zone. Text explains why it is so important to set batter up properly and gives details of how it is done.

#### **SAL MAGLIE**

*continued*

assume that I know I can get a certain batter out with my curve low and away. But I also know that if I throw nothing but that one pitch, even this batter is going to be able to step in and hit it.

He likes to take the first pitch, though, so I go ahead and throw him the curve on the outside corner. Strike one. Now he is looking for it again—so I throw something else, probably a fast ball high and tight. Ball one, but now he is a little wary about leaning over the plate to anticipate that curve. So I give him the curve, my slow curve probably, for a changeup from the fast ball he just saw. This throws his timing off, so he either misses for a strike or hits it in the dirt, which is one of the nice things about a low-breaking curve. But say he misses. Strike two.

Now I can afford to play around. I throw another curve, either outside or maybe even in the dirt. If he

**STRIKE ZONE** itself can vary tremendously in size, ranging from a small tight target presented by the batter who hits from extreme crouch (below, left) all the way up to a large strike area available with a player who uses a stand-up stance. The most common batting style is slight semi-crouch, used by batter in drawing at top of page.



believe that when it comes down to a battle of strength against strength, you are stronger than the batter.

One of the trickiest bits of inside pitching strategy concerns rhythm. A pitcher, when he first comes up, frequently tips off his pitches by a slight variation in wind-up or delivery. It sometimes happens even to pitchers who have been around for quite a while. They get into a habit of swinging their hands only up to eye level, perhaps, when they are going to throw a curve, but swing them up over their heads when they are getting ready to throw the fast ball. Don't think these guys in the big leagues aren't sharp; it takes some coach or manager about a third of an inning to spot this, and then there is trouble. So a pitcher has to develop a certain rhythm in his wind-up and delivery in order not to tip the batter off to what is coming next.

But the batter has a rhythm, too, and if the pitcher sticks to the same old smooth, easy wind-up, pump and throw, the batter will be able to time everything just about right. So a pitcher occasionally has to vary his rhythm just to be ornery. The best way of doing it is to throw with several different motions: overhand, three-quarters or side-arm. And even pitchers who can't do that can at least alter their one basic motion a little bit every once in a while. We call this not being too true. In other words, it is an intentional ungrooving of the pitching motion.

Speaking of tipping things off, if you give base coaches the slightest glimpse of your fingers as you grip the ball, they can usually tell what the pitch is going to be.

Sometimes they can tell just by the amount of white they see, that little bit of flash of the ball. So you take your grip away up in your glove and you have to be sure your glove is squared away so that nothing is visible either from first or third base. And as you swing the ball up high in the wind-up, you have to be sure it isn't visible, then, too.

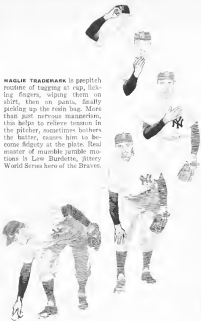
There are a couple of other things you can do to prevent the batter from discovering what you're going to serve up there next. One thing is that high kick some pitchers use. I don't say a pitcher should mess up his natural motion by trying to exaggerate that too much, but if it comes easy, he should use it. It's distracting to the batter when you stick your foot up there in his face. And then, as you come forward, you don't want to drop your glove hand down to your side too soon. What's the use of going to all that trouble of hiding the ball and then wave it around where the batter can see it just before you throw. As you come forward, you want to push that glove out ahead of you. With all this, the hitter never sees the ball except for an occasional brief blur until there it is, coming right at him.

A lot of people wonder what is the purpose, if any, of all those apparently time-wasting motions that a pitcher goes through out there on the mound before he pitches. I mean things like Roberts hitching up his socks, or Tom Sturdivant banging the ball, again and again into his glove, or the routine I go through of wiping my hand on my shirt, tugging at my cap, then licking my fingers, wiping my hand off again, rubbing it on my leg and then picking up the resin bag. Or that jumble that Lew Burdette goes through—I can't even



**SLIGHTEST GLIMPSE** of ball or fingers as pitcher assumes grip and goes into wind-up can tip off the opposing team what to expect next. To prevent the base coaches from picking up the pitch, grip must be taken deep in glove (as of left) and glove must continue to shield ball throughout wind-up. Another danger, even to veterans, is that some unknown mannerism or habit will enable other team to tell when certain pitch is coming long before actual delivery. Best protection is establishing set rhythm for all pitches.

**WAGGLE TRADEMARK** is prepitch routine of tagging at cap, licking fingers, wiping them on shirt, then on pants, finally picking up the resin bag. More than just nervous mannerism, this helps to relieve tension in the pitcher, sometimes bothers the batter, causes him to become fidgety at the plate. Real master of mumble jumble motions is Lew Burdette, jittery World Series hero of the Braves.



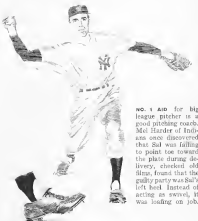
describe it. Well, there are two good reasons why a pitcher does that. For one, just like a golfer taking a waggle before he starts his backswing, it helps to relieve tension in the pitcher. The other thing it accomplishes is to get the batter fidgety. As I said, a pitcher had better take advantage of everything he can get.

There is at least one other thing that experience has brought me: the knowledge that there is a lot I don't know about this game and the good sense to listen to those who can help. I've been fortunate in working with very good catchers—Westrum, Campanella, now Yogi—and a good catcher can make a pitcher's life a lot easier. I'll give you an example. In my no-hitter against the Phillies in '56, I only shook Campy off once. He was doing the thinking, calling the pitches just right for every batter in every situation, and all I had to do was check the sign to see if I agreed and then throw.

But I guess of all the people who really help a pitcher most, the pitching coach is the man. And again I've been very fortunate in having a chance to work with some of the best: Dolf Luque down in Mexico, Frank Shellenback of the Giants, Mel Harder of the Indians, Joe Becker at Brooklyn and now Jim Turner on the Yankees. A coach can teach a young pitcher a lot of things; he can also help an experienced one correct flaws that seem to come up every once in a while no matter how good the pitcher may be.

At Cleveland, for example, I was having trouble. I didn't know what it was, but my delivery didn't seem to be smooth. I wasn't getting anything on the ball. So Mel Harder looked at some old movies taken when I was with the Giants, then watched me pitch a few minutes and put his finger right on it. Most pitchers, as they stride forward to throw, point their toe right toward the plate. Well, I think that's probably the best way to do it, but I came down on my heel first with my toe pointing off in the direction of the third-base line, then unconsciously swivel on the heel of my foot until the toe aims at the plate. Harder discovered I wasn't swiveling. In other words, I was coming down on my heel with my toe pointing off to the right, and I never was straightening the toe out. This was causing me to throw across my body and keeping me from following through properly. As soon as I went back to the old way, everything was all right.

I guess that's about it except for one thing. You have heard how pitching is 90% of baseball or maybe 75% or some such figure. Well, I think it can be anywhere from 60 to 90%, depending upon how good the pitchers are. With two top pitchers working against each other, I really believe the higher figure is about right. But whatever the amount, pitching is an awfully big part of baseball. If you are a pitcher, and you realize how important you are to the team, you have to carry a mighty big psychological as well as physical responsibility. But if you work hard, it sure can be worth it. And if you're a fan, knowing a little bit more about such a big and important part of the game can make baseball just that much more rewarding to you.



**NO. 1 AID** for big league pitcher is a good pitching coach. Mel Harder of Indians once discovered that Sal was falling to point toe toward the plate during delivery, checked old films, found that the guilty party was Sal's left heel. Instead of acting as swivel, it was leading on job.

## PART 2

### ROY SIEVERS ON HITTING

*The American League's home run and RBI king talks about his specialty in the March 31 issue*



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BASEBALL / Robert Creamer

## Mr. Perpetual Motion

Baseball's hair shirt, young 60-year-old Frank Lane, meets the lethargic Indians

FRANK LANE, the general manager of the Cleveland Indians, moves through the world with the quiet insistence of an ambulance in full flight. People turn away from store windows and stare and hold their children up to see when Frank Lane roars by.

Things had been hopping all week in Tucson. There had been a four-day rodeo (which, naturally enough, is called La Fiesta de los Vaqueros in Anglo-Saxon Tucson). A movie troupe, complete with glamour, was in town to make a cowboy movie, a "different" cowboy movie, they said, which, presumably, meant a good one. Herb Score and Mike Garcia, two of the Indians' best pitchers, had arrived early to get in a few extra days of work at the ball park, and

Score had created a flurry of small headlines around the country by appearing to be completely recovered from his eye injury. Garcia later broke his finger to sort of keep things even. Field Manager Bobby Bragan flew in one morning and was followed around by a small crowd of curiosity seekers, who seemed to be waiting for Bobby to live up to his publicity and stand on his head, or at the very least to say something brash or bumptious. Later a big batch of Cleveland ballplayers came in and got promptly to work. For a few days the lobby of the Santa Rita Hotel was a glorious swirl of rodeo cowboys (most of whom looked lean and hard and healthy) and movie cowboys (most of whom needed haircuts) and ballplayers (who, mostly, just looked).

Then Frank Lane arrived, and suddenly everything that happened to titillate Tucson in the week past turned to a rather mild shade of gray.

First reports held that a Vanguard

PRECEDDED BY MANAGER BOBBY BRAGAN, LANE NAKES BASEBALL MUSIC WHILE





rocket had blazed to a spectacular landing in the desert south of town and that Frank had stepped out, carrying a second baseman and the conversation. He fed the rocket a cube of sugar and dismissed it to pasture, deposited the second baseman in Bobby Bragan's arms, gave the local press 14 fast stories and built a hotel. Or registered in one. He gave official approval to the glorious Arizona weather, said a few treasurable things about Florida (Frank's home is in St. Petersburg), analyzed the present skills and potential achievements of 47 ballplayers, smiled on the Cleveland newspapermen, who were shifting about uneasily because they had not had to ask any questions, and then subsided into a 27-second silence during which sparks crackled off his elbows and knees as he generated a fresh supply of energy.

Investigation revealed certain elements of exaggeration in these first reports. Frank actually flew from Florida in a Jupiter C rather than a Vanguard, and his landing was accomplished in the quiet of the night. The second baseman (Milt Bolling, whom he had conned out of the Washington Senators for a string of brightly colored beads and a minor league pitcher named Pete Mesa) was making his own way west and was with Frank only in spirit. The glorious Arizona weather that night was just plain cold, and Frank shivered

continued

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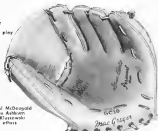


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LANE continued

publicly. The Cleveland writers did not shift about uneasily, because they are always able to think of questions. And Frank Lane did not, then or at any time, subside into a period of silence as long as 27 seconds.

When he came into the Santa Rita lobby just before midnight, carrying a briefcase, a sweater and a coat, he had been sleepless for about 16 hours, yet he stood there talking with officials and players and sportswriters and an occasional passer-by for nearly an hour, looking so bright and cheerful as a robin after the morning's first worm. The next day, after six hours of sleep, he caused a mild sensation by remarking, "I was pretty tired last night."

#### YOUNG IN SPIRIT

The popular cliché about Lane states that he's 60 years old but looks 40. Well, he is 60 (actually he is 62), and if he doesn't look quite as young as 40 he certainly looks years younger than he is. But the point to be remembered is not how old or young he looks, but how he acts. Fred Hutchinson, who is in his 30s and managed to carry the Cardinals around on his back last season, said once, "What an amazing guy Frank is. I hope I have his energy when I'm 60." Then, grinning in sudden realization, he added, "Hell, I wish I had his energy right now."

The Cleveland newspapermen, who have been starved these many years for colorful people to write about, find Lane both a delight and a caution. He was a delight because almost everything that he said or did made good copy. But he was a caution, too, because 1) it was hard to ask him as many as two questions in any one interview, since the first question usually set him off on an 85-yard conversational end run; and 2) he sometimes moved so fast that he ran out from under newspaper coverage. That is to say that before the sportswriters can get a story into print he has another version. After this had happened to one veteran Cleveland writer he shook his head sadly and commented, "You can't keep up with this man."

Lane's first stroll around the Indians' training base was graphic evidence of this. He made a complete tour with Bobby Bragan as his guide.

As they walked about, a knot of sportswriters and cameramen fol-

lowed. Lane was nodding, agreeing, suggesting, approving, pausing to inspect this cage or that one, posing for the photographers, talking, listening, greeting people, telling stories.

Later, after practice, Lane stood outside the small stadium and talked about Bragan and the Indians. He said he expected to make more trades before the season began and that they could have considerable effect on the team's chances. But he said that while he'd be disappointed if the team, as it stood at the moment, did not finish in the first division, he did not think he could reasonably expect it to finish any higher than third.

A reporter asked him about the possibility of differences coming up between himself and Bragan. Lane did not hire Bragan.

"No," Frank said, "I didn't hire Bragan. Hank Greenberg did. But I would have if I'd come in when they were looking for a manager. No question about it, I would have hired Bobby. Hank asked me my opinion of him. I told Hank he couldn't go wrong hiring Bobby. A manager has to have class on the field and off. And Bobby has it."

"People are always asking Bobby what he's going to do if I start criticizing him publicly. Well, I resent them asking him that question. I don't think it's right. I'll criticize Bobby if I think he's wrong. A general manager is responsible for his manager. If he makes a mistake and I don't like it, I'm going to sound off. After all, he's my man. If he goes wrong, I go wrong. What should I do if he makes a mistake? Pretend that it's all right? The writers wouldn't believe me, and neither would the fans."

"As a general manager I'm doing everything I can to help the manager, because I'm selfish. I want him to win for my own sake. People don't understand that. There was a young lady who interviewed me on a broadcast right after I had left the Cardinals to come to the Indians. 'Mr. Lane,' she said, 'how can you be going to the Cardinals on Saturday, and then turn around and be going to the Indians on Monday?' I said, 'Because the Cardinals' seating capacity is 29,000 and the Indians' seating capacity is 30,000.' After the show she said to me, 'Mr. Lane, I don't think you understood what I meant.' I said, 'I understood what you meant. I don't think you understood what I meant. This is my business. I'm a professional.'"

END



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## Dan the Puncher

### As a wrestler

**Dan Hodge had no peer,  
but using fists is different**

WHEN Art Freeman, Wichita oil operator, launched Dan Hodge, the intercollegiate wrestling champion, as an amateur boxer last fall (SI, Nov. 18) he promised, "We aren't ever going to do anything that might make [Dan] ridiculous. . . . He's going to go at his own speed, and if he ever decides he's had enough, or if he gets hurt, he can stop."

Last week Art Freeman's promise looked pretty good. Hodge had won his first 15 fights (11 by knockout) and had wrapped up the heavyweight championship of the western team of the Golden Gloves. At no time had he appeared ridiculous, and "his own speed" was near that of a sprinter.

To Dan Hodge the road to boxing fame had been short and successful. He found boxing neither harder nor easier than wrestling, "just different."

While waiting for his big fight in Chicago last week he explained the difference. "In wrestling," he said,

"you keep your muscles tight and tense; in boxing you keep them loose and agile. That's what I've been doing, loosening up my muscles—jabbing long, working on my combinations, not pulling with my muscles like I would be in wrestling."

Another difference: "In boxing, you're working for two or three minutes, then rest a minute. In college wrestling, you work nine minutes before you get a rest."

In running up a string of 46 consecutive collegiate wrestling victories—including 36 pins (23 in a row)—Hodge rarely had to work nine minutes. "My average last year," he admits, "was around 1:33."

Curt Kennedy, the professional trainer who is in charge of conditioning Dan, is concentrating on converting the fighter's extraordinary strength from wrestling to boxing. "He has tremendous natural power," says Kennedy. "He's just learning to utilize that power."

So far Dan has little style in the ring. He keeps walking forward, moving in, hoping to break through with one of his knockout punches.

The thing he finds hardest to master in his three-and-a-half-hour daily workouts with sparring partner Johnny Gray are combinations—and he hasn't learned them yet.

His opponent last week was 20-year-old Louis Coleman, whose own brother dropped out of a Golden Gloves preliminary against Louis in order to clear the way for him. Coleman was—and is—a much better boxer than Hodge and has a relatively strong punch.

At the outset of the fight, Hodge dropped his right arm and crouched, much like a knight on horseback about to ram his lance through a dragon. Then, for a moment, he shifted into a wrestler's crouch, arms lowered and in front of him, circling warily. When he came up, Coleman began outboxing him smartly,

*continued*

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## BOXING continued

holding him off and landing punches cleanly and sharply. Hodge tried to move in, arms milling awkwardly.

"Don't wrestle," warned Referee Bernard Weissman. Once one of Hodge's clumsy punches glanced off Coleman's chin and slammed into his chest, slightly below the neck. Coleman hesitated, looked surprised and obviously "learned humility." But by the end of the first round, Coleman was clearly in command.

There is a desire to win in Dan Hodge that is as strong as the man himself. At the start of the second round, he began working on Coleman's body. Coleman again was boxing sharply and effectively—until about midway through the round. Then he wilted, apparently unable to resist Hodge's superior strength. Hodge shoved him around the ring—quite literally—and won the round.

In the third, Coleman came back, but he no longer had strength or accuracy. He did not appear as tired as in the second round—but neither did he appear ready to take the initiative. Hodge won the round, the fight and the championship.

Afterward, as he sat at ringside sipping a Coke and repeatedly sneezing and blowing his nose, Hodge reconstructed the fight. "A couple of times I had to stop—once in the second round and again in the middle



"Ticket, please."

of the third—and remember where I was and think, 'I've got to get my combinations going,'” he said. He blew his nose again with annoyance. “It must be an allergy, maybe dust from the ring mat.” But later he acknowledged that he might have been chilled because “the locker room seemed a little cool.”

Next day Dan took off for New York to train for his Golden Gloves championship fight with Charles Hood, the eastern champion. Freeman returned to Wichita and his oil business, but before he left he said: “He really didn’t fight a good fight last night. He seems to freeze up a little before big crowds [the crowd in Chicago Stadium: 11,136]. But he’s a tiger in the gym. They’ll love him at Stillman’s.”

Hodge will train for the finale at Stillman’s. “We’re going to put him under Charley Goldman,” said Freeman. “He had Marciano.”

In New York, veteran trainer Charley Goldman was a little less enthusiastic. “I ain’t seen the kid yet, of course, but I ain’t excited. Everybody thinks they got a heavyweight champion just because they got a big strong kid. Right now, he’d get killed by a pro. He don’t know enough about boxing. Of course, Rocky didn’t start fighting amateur until he was 25. I understand Hodge is the same age. Rocky didn’t turn pro until he

(continued)



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## BOXING continued

was 28 either. If this kid is as big and strong as they say, you could teach him an awful lot in three years. But like I say, I got to see him first."

But even Charley Goldman had to admit that a fellow who was fighting for the U.S. Golden Gloves heavyweight championship after a scant 15 fights had definite "possibilities," and was anything but "ridiculous."

On the professional front, the first genuinely significant heavyweight fight of the year was to have been held at San Francisco's Cow Palace on March 19 and exposed nationally on Wednesday night television. It was to have decided whether Eddie Machen, the handsome and powerful Californian, or Zora Folley, the handsome and powerful Arizonan, was the clear-cut, undisputed challenger for Floyd Patterson's politics-ridden heavyweight championship.

It did not necessarily mean that the winner would meet Patterson for the title, since the champion's manager, Gus D'Amato, has banned Machen from consideration in a dispute centering around whether Machen's manager did or did not refuse a championship fight last spring, when D'Amato was collecting brickbats for his perennial war with the International Boxing Club (James D. Norris, president).

But a training accident, apparently a pulled muscle, forced Machen to confine himself to roadwork for three days, and after medical examination it was decided to postpone the fight until, very likely, late in April.

This restored the heavyweight situation to what has begun to seem like a normal insolvency. Patterson will next be seen in England, where he is to fight an exhibition later this month.

There is no likelihood that Patterson's British invasion will result in a defense there this June, assessed likely before the tarnished British champion, Joe Erskine, lost to the European champion, Ingemar Johansson, who doesn't want to fight Patterson until he has spent time in the United States studying how we do it.

D'Amato will look the situation over in England but it will take an outside magnifying glass to make any British boxer loom big.

June, the month of brides, roses and big fights, looks fine for brides and roses, poor for fights. **END**

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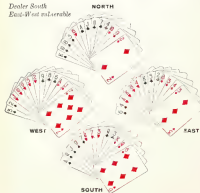
## A Defense for Collegians

**L**AST WEEK some 150 American colleges and universities concluded their 1958 Intercollegiate Bridge Championship—one of the annual competitions in the three Bs (bowling and billiards are the others) sponsored by the Association of College Unions. The problem—how to let each college compete with all the others scattered throughout the United States without leaving its own campus—is solved by the device of having them play “par” hands.

Unlike the usual bridge tournament, where the deck is shuffled and dealt at random the first time each hand is played, the intercollegiate decks are stacked. Thus, all over the country, the collegians are able to play the same 16 hands, which have been prearranged by Tournament Director Geoffrey Mott-Smith to include some predetermined point of bidding or play. Some weeks hence, after judging the score cards sent to him by mail, he will decide the various title winners.

While the collegians are waiting to know who won the laurels (captured last year by Cornell's Paul Trent and Frank Goldring at North-South; Oberlin's Danny Kleinman and Dick Recht at East-West), let's look over one of the more spectacular deals which the undergrads and coeds had to tackle this year:

Dealer South  
East-West vulnerable



The North-South hands offer clear-cut values for a bid of four spades, and might properly get there on this bidding:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♠	PASS	2♠	PASS
2♠	PASS	3♠	PASS
3 NO TRUMP	PASS	4♠	PASS
PASS	PASS		

West's normal opening lead is the jack of hearts, and when East wins the trick the defenders' problem becomes one of, "Button, button, who's gotta have the buttons?"

Dummy's visible singleton having put the chill on East's hopes of a second heart trick, it is apparent to East that, in addition to his own king of clubs, the defenders will have to find two other tricks. There can be little doubt that the prospecting for these tricks must be done in the diamond department, so East shifts to a diamond.

In order to tell partner that he cannot count on a high card in East's hand to contribute toward building up a trick in the suit, East should lead the diamond 8, proclaiming this card as the top of nothing! Then, though South may play a deceitful king, West should read the situation correctly and do his part in the game of button-button by letting South hold the trick.

This is the crucial play. If West takes the first diamond trick, he cannot continue the suit without nullifying the power of his jack. Any other return gives declarer time to establish the clubs. But West must see that the game can't be defeated unless his partner can win a trick, and if he keeps the ace-jack behind declarer's queen, South has no answering coup. The club finesse must be lost to East's long, and a second diamond lead earns a fine par result for those collegians who mount this brilliant defense.

**Extra Tricks:** "Par" type games have become very popular in Europe. Sometimes the problems are especially difficult; usually they are also unusual. Those confronting the collegians are less trying. If you would like to play them yourself, in your own game, address a post card request for Intercollegiate Bridge hands to Playing Card Association, P.O. Box 54A, Mt. Vernon 10, N.Y. They will be sent to you without charge.



RAVEN 22'

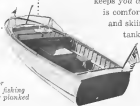


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BONNIE PRUDDEN / *Fitness*

## Hands Are to Walk With

### 34 A good way to build up weak arms is to pretend you are a wheelbarrow

Children are especially fond of doing the wheelbarrow exercise demonstrated here by Bonnie and her daughter Suzy. In addition to the movements shown below, the same basic exercise can be varied and made more difficult by holding the "wheelbarrow" by the ankles, since the nearer to her feet you hold her the more weight her arms must bear. Another variation is having the "wheelbarrow" go up a flight of stairs. However you do it, this tumbling exercise is excellent for building strong arms, chests and backs.



This version is for beginners. Parent grasps the child's thighs, child walks with hands. Start with 19 "steps" and work up to 50 as fast as you can.



When only one leg is held below the knee the exercise is much harder. The easier way should be mastered first. Partner holds first one, then other leg.

rolled up 78 goals against only four. But hockey isn't played on paper. Five minutes after Norway's King Olav took his rail seat, accompanied by his beautiful daughter, Princess Astrid, the Russians were swarming over the Canadians like locusts. This was the period in which the Russians had a chance to run up a score. They got only one goal for their superiority, scored while Canada had a man in the penalty box.

Penalties came close to being the downfall of the hard rocks from Canada. In their eagerness to flag down the U.S.S.R. they resorted to tactics permitted under the Canadian code but frowned on by the International Federation. At one stage of that desperate first period they had two men doing penance while the Reds were at full strength, but the Russians muffed this big opportunity.

Could the Russians maintain their blistering pace for 60 minutes? The answer came early in the second period. Russian skaters got up more slowly when knocked down, Russian raids became less frequent. Canada now was taking command, but scoring opportunities were gammed up by over-anxiety. Burly Ted O'Connor and Charlie Burnas, a slender lad with a metal plate in his skull to remind him of an old hockey injury, broke into the clear. They had the Russian goalie, Nikolay Puchkov, at their mercy, but he outguessed them, the puck was blocked and Puchkov overturned the cage to get a breather. Then the Canadians got the break they needed. Nikolai Khlystov, a tiring winger, drew a penalty for tripping. A moment later Bobby Attersley, a blond magician with stick and puck, flipped in the tying goal. The Canadians forged to the front when Former Pro Connie Broden again beat Puchkov, but the Russians still had one punch left. Konstantin Loktev tied the score. But the Canadians were in the driver's seat by this time. Two goals within 25 seconds settled the issue.

Canada had regained her place at the top of the totem pole, but the hockey world had renewed its respect for the Russians. No team ever gave a gamer display or accepted bitter defeat more gracefully.

Off ice the Russians are individualists who like to improvise and experiment with their equipment. Most of

continued

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MAPLE LEAF continued

them carry an oilstone in their kit. They use it to finish off sharpening their skates. Canadian and American players like their skates rockered to give them greater maneuverability, but the Russians prefer to have the bottom of their skate blade flat. They get greater speed that way. The sticks are manufactured from what the Russians call buk wood, which comes from the Caucasus, and are much lighter than those used by other nations. On the ice, though, the Russians are members of the most mechanical team in Europe. Speed and precision are their trademarks on skates. The friendly, sandy-haired Anatoli Tarasov, their coach, is a military man. The head of all hockey in Russia is also a military man, and the team's play reflects military thinking. When the club's patriarch, 33-year-old Nikolai Sologubov,

prospects, said: "Because they're so well trained, they pass without looking. They know there will be a man there to receive it, but they don't know if someone from the other team has sneaked in to make an interception. But if you think I'm knocking them, I'll tell you how much I like them. There are five players on their team who can move up to the Bruins, and there's a commission of \$2,500 for anyone who can get either Sologubov or Tregubov into Boston."

Earlier in the week, an undermanned U.S. squad had shown it had the know-how to baffle the U.S.S.R., too, but it lacked the horses. The Yanks' leading goal-getter, Johnny Mayanich of Eveleth, Minn., playing with only one hand on the stick, had suffered a badly bruised shoulder muscle against the Swedes. When that happened, American Coach Calvin Marvin of Warroad, Minn. muttered, "There goes the ball club." Marvin had only five men on his bench for this ice battle. A near-capacity crowd, which included King Olav, was definitely pro-Yank but got little chance to cheer. Only once did it appear that fans might get some extracurricular East-West action. Gordon Christian, also of Warroad, a tiny town which provided three brothers and a coach for the U.S. squad, clashed along the boards with Red Army Officer Alexandrov Cherepanov. Christian was testing his teeth to see if they had been shaken from their moorings. At center ice the two players stopped and began to reconstruct in sign language the crimes of which each accused the other. Spectators guffawed as Cherepanov plainly indicted the Yank of attempting to separate his head from his shoulders. Christian had some companions examine his bridgework. The diagnosis must have been disturbing, because he advanced toward the penalty pen shaking his stick menacingly at the Russian. A towering Norwegian ended the war of nerves by leading the Yank to the coop and then sitting between him and the Red officer while the U.S. lost 4-1. The Russian game caused additional gaps in the American ranks. U.S. manager Don Clark, looking forward to his two-game exhibition invasion of the U.S.S.R. which is due to follow the tournament, sadly surveyed his handful of survivors and cracked, "This is probably the most battered army that ever marched on Moscow."

END

#### FINAL STANDINGS

TEAM	W	L	T	GF	GA	PTS.
Canada	7	0	0	32	6	14
U.S.S.R.	5	1	1	44	15	11
Sweden	5	2	0	46	22	10
Czechoslovakia	3	2	2	21	21	8
United States	3	3	1	29	33	7
Finland	1	5	1	9	51	3
Norway	1	6	0	12	44	2
Poland	0	6	1	14	55	1

a junior lieutenant in the Red Army, wheels the puck around the Russian net, he knows without looking that little Vladimir Kharin is in position at right wing.

Quick breaks from their own zone, with forwards hurtling into enemy territory, are the comrades' main offensive weapons. Then they fan out, with one man always parked in front of the net to interfere with the goalie's vision and harass him as much as possible. Their defense men move down to provide heavy artillery. In Ivan Tregubov, handsome, dark-haired and swarthy, and Genrich Sidorenkov the Russians have two of the hardest shooters in hockey. When Sidorenkov uncorks his favorite slap shot the puck looks like a cough drop as it whizzes toward the unfortunate goalie.

But precision is perfection only to a point. When it becomes a pattern it's liable to be a weakness. Lynn Patrick, general manager of the Boston Bruins, scouting the Oslo games in the hope of picking up big league



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# The Craters of the Moon

*Photograph by Jerry Cooke*





OF THE MANY new and arresting courses constructed in recent years in Florida and the Caribbean countries, one of the most handsome is The Country Club of Florida, located in the Village of Golf on the outskirts of Delray Beach. Designed by Robert Bruce Harris, the veteran Chicago architect, the course is typically Floridian in some aspects, but a number of its holes tumble over

terrain that suggests the pine-tree country of the Carolinas, and one hole, the par-3 fourth pictured above, is so scarred by traps that the approach to the greens has a positively lunar quality. The course—the Western Amateur Championship will be played over it next month—is the heart of a development spearheaded by Carleton Blunt, a former WGA president, now mayor of the Village of Golf.



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## Tip from the Top

JOE CANNON, Farmington Country Club, Charlottesville, Va.

### Hitting through correctly

TEACHING a person to overcome a slice or fade gives me great satisfaction. My best results are obtained, I find, by drawing a comparison between the hitting action of the baseball player who can only hit to the opposite field and the golfer who tries to push the ball toward the hole with his arms. The weak-hitting batter who hits to the opposite field doesn't have enough wrist and hand action to bring the end of the bat around. The good batter is usually a pull hitter: a snap of the wrist brings the bat from the rear of the plate, over the plate, and around. The hands cross over right after impact. The same applies in principle in golf. After impact, as you swing through to your finish, the left arm rolls out of the way, with the left elbow moving so that it points to the ground as it turns—in the same manner in which the right elbow pointed toward the ground during the back-swing.

A golfer will get a good, clear idea of the correct hit-through action, I believe, if he takes his golf club and swings it as if it were a baseball bat, observing the meanwhile how the hands turn over almost immediately after impact. When you are engaged in this exercise—swinging the club like a baseball bat—you will also notice that if you draw your left elbow up and away from the plate, your swing has no power, and it is difficult to follow through. Your lifted left arm is in the way. The same is true in golf. To hit through the ball freely and correctly, that left elbow must stay in relatively close to your body.



correct

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NEXT WEEK: Kathy Cornelius on putting the long ones



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# SAY HELLO TO JIMMY JONES

**Emerging at last from his famous father's shadow,  
the trainer of Calumet Farm reveals himself as  
an engaging character and topnotch horseman in his own right**

by GERALD HOLLAND

CALUMET FARM'S Horace Allyn (Jimmy) Jones, the reigning money-winning trainer of Thoroughbred racing, appears daily in two editions. Mornings he is, by his own description, "the most raggedy guy at the race track," dominating the circus-like atmosphere of the stables, with grooms, exercise boys, invited guests and uninvited eccentrics as his admiring companions. Afternoons Jimmy Jones undergoes a complete transformation. Along about the time the daily double closes, he blossoms out as one of the sharpest dressers in the clubhouse crowd and hobnobs with the high and the mighty and the celebrated. In both editions Jimmy Jones is affable and gloriously garrulous—reserving always the honest man's right to blow his top without notice or apology.

On the opening day of the recent Hialeah meeting, the afternoon edition of Jimmy Jones stood on the track just outside the winner's circle. He wore a dark green suit and a gold tie and a brown pork-pie hat, and he held the strap of his binoculars in his hand, swinging them back and forth. A short man, stocky, he looked hard and fit and, with his brown hair and

round, tanned, smiling face, he appeared to be younger than his years.

At the moment Hialeah was presenting an added attraction between the fourth and fifth races, a "parade of champions." Seven of the champions already had taken their places in a line facing the grandstand. There was Bold Ruler, considered by some to be the Horse of the Year, and Idun, Gallant Man, Pucker Up, Jewel's Reward, Bayou and Nadir. Now the voice on the public-address system introduced the last of the champions: "And, finally, presenting the great 6-year-old, Bardstown!"

With an exercise boy up in silks of devil's-red and blue, Bardstown pranced stylishly out on the track and took his place in the awesome array of horseflesh that was outlined against a background of palm trees and winging flamingos.

The track announcer had a final word before the grandstand and clubhouse erupted in applause.

"Bardstown," he said, his voice echoing over the infield in the momentary silence of the spectators, "bred and owned by Calumet Farm of Lexington, Kentucky—the New York Yankees of racing."

A man standing next to him nudged Jimmy Jones. Jimmy turned instantly and put out his hand.

"Hello there, how are you?" said Jimmy cordially. "Glad to see you, yes, sir."

"Jimmy," said the man, "how do you react when they compare Calumet to the Yankees? I mean, what's your reaction to that, do you take it as a compliment or what?"

Jimmy switched the strap from one hand to the other and rubbed his nose, frowning over the question, pulling his ear, squirming in the trousers of his dark green suit.

"Way," he said finally, "yes. Yes, I take it as a compliment. Nobody would object to being compared to the Yankees. They like to win, too."

He took off his hat and scratched his head.

"But," he said, examining the lining of his hat and putting it back on, "there's one thing you've got to consider. To be completely accurate, you've got to remember that we don't buy talent like the Yankees often do. We make our own, breed our own, that is. To be a really accurate comparison, why, the Yankees would have to—well, they couldn't breed 'em, I guess, but you'd have to assume that they develop all their ballplayers from the sandlot level."

(Actually, Calumet and the Yankees have a great deal in common. Both are deadly serious big business operations that concentrate on winning the big ones and always think of replacements for their stars while

they are still in their prime. Both have long records of successes: while the Yankees have been winning 12 pennants and nine world championships since 1940, Calumet has been America's leading money-winning stable 10 times for a total take of more than \$13 million. The parallel is striking all down the line, and at the barn and dugout, the training and managing level, it is downright uncanny. For both Casey Stengel and Jimmy Jones are extraordinarily gifted with gab and, by a further astonishing coincidence, both are Missourians, born within 120 miles of each other, Casey at Kansas City, Jimmy at Parnell, a town of 400 population up near the Iowa border. Finally, both Stengel and Jones generate a slightly manic air around them which strangers sometimes take for confusion. Nothing could be more at odds with the truth, however, for both Missouri men know precisely what they are about every minute and are unexcelled at bringing out the best in the ballplayers and race horses that their front offices deliver to them.)

The "parade of champions" was breaking up now, and all the horses except Bardstown were led off the track. Jimmy Jones raised a hand and signaled the exercise boy to take him around the track at an easy gallop. This had the effect of giving Calumet the big finale all to itself, but Jimmy Jones quickly disclaimed that intention.

"Just thought the folks would like to see him go around the track," he said, "and, besides, it's a good opportunity for him to work before a big crowd. Why, right now he thinks he's in a race."

The man standing next to Jones took a companion by the arm and drew him forward.

"Jimmy," he said, "I'd like you to meet my friend here." Then, turning to the friend, the man invoked the approved introductory form of the race track: "Jack, say hello to Jimmy Jones."

"Glad to know you, yes, sir, glad to see you," said Jimmy.

"It's an honor to meet you, Mr. Jones," said the other man. "I was sorry to see your father is in the hospital."

(The legendary Ben Jones, the senior member of the most successful

*continued*

Jerry Coste



**MORNING EDITION** of Jones is casual in his dress but perfectionist in his work.

## JIMMY JONES

continued

father-and-son training team in racing history, had undergone major surgery the day before.)

"What's the report on B.A., Jimmy?" said the first man.

"Getting along just fine," said Jimmy. "The doctor says he's amazed at how well he came through. He should be back at the track before this meeting is over." (Plain Ben did better than that: he was back by Lincoln's Birthday.)

Out on the track Bardstown had come galloping down the stretch and across the finish line, probably thinking he had never won a race so easily in his life. Jimmy Jones turned and started for his box in the clubhouse, swinging his binoculars, acknowledging greetings, waving to celebrities (like Gene Tunney), bowing to the ladies and singing out, "Hello there, bow are you?" so cordially to those race fans he could not immediately place that they never noticed he had not called them by name.

THIS WAS A MORNING—or maybe, it was several mornings rolled into one. A little before 6 o'clock, the moon rode high over the stable area and the stars were still bright in the sky. At Calumet's Barn AA a radio blared as grooms and exercise boys went about their chores, getting ready for the day that would really begin with the arrival of the morning edition of Trainer Jimmy Jones.

The grooms ministered lovingly to their horses. Wendell Griffin removed the bandages from the legs of Iron Liege and shook his head as he confided: "I scolded him a while ago and I wish I hadn't. I hate to scold Mike [Wendell's name for last year's Kentucky Derby winner], but he just wouldn't mind. I had to scold him."

A voice rose angrily down the line: "Now just git your big fat rump oosh theah!" The horse shifted position, and the groom glared at him and glanced around to see if anyone was looking. Then he moved a couple of steps and put his arm around the horse's neck and whispered in his ear.

Freddie Randolph, who gallops Iron Liege, walked along the row, and then Flaky Brown, who is still galloping horses at near 70 (of course, he doesn't wear his hearing aid when he's riding), hurried along, and then Charles (Slow and Easy) Martiansundered out with a basket of stuff to

dump on the refuse pile. It was pretty obvious how Slow and Easy got his nickname.

"How I got my nickname," said Lewis (Dogwagon) Wilson, a loose-jointed exercise boy for Rosewood and Smileytown, "was at Delaware Park. It was a real hot summer and the dogs around the stables were feeling the heat, just lying around, panting. I had a Ford model A station wagon there, so one day I got to feeling sorry for the dogs and so I rounded 'em all up and loaded 'em in the station wagon and took 'em swimming. They just loved it and so they come looking for me next day. There was no two ways about it, I had to take 'em swimming every day. Then somebody yelled out one day when I was driving back with the station wagon full of dogs, 'Here comes the dog wagon!' That's how I got the nickname."

Dogwagon threw back his head and laughed. "I like nicknames," he said, pointing to Freddie Randolph as he walked by. "I have given him the name of Freddie the Freeholder. But that is a very important name there. It so happens that he rubbed Shut Out at one time and he gallops Iron Liege—the only man in the history of horse racing to rub one Kentucky Derby winner and gallop another. Am I right about that, Freddie?"

Freddie grinned and nodded. "Last year at Churchill Downs," Dogwagon went on, "just before the Derby, Freddie went up to Mr. Jimmy Jones and said, 'Mr. Jimmy, I smell roses.' Mr. Jimmy says, 'Are you sure, Freddie?' Freddie says, 'Mr. Jimmy, I am so sure I am not even going to watch the race except on television. That is how strong I smell the roses. We are going to win, Mr. Jimmy.'"

"But I am the one who told Mr. Jimmy and Mr. Ben that we had won the Derby. They couldn't tell from what they could see of that close finish. I ran up the box and yelled, 'Mr. Jimmy, Mr. Ben, we won, we won!' Mr. Jimmy says, 'Are you sure about that, Dogwagon?' I said, 'May I drop dead on this spot, we won! Come on down to the winner's circle.'"

Dogwagon drew himself up. "Maybe you saw the picture taken after the race. Wendell Griffin leading Iron Liege along, and me walking alongside, bowing to the crowd. They had it in *Life* magazine."

Dogwagon raised his cap as if saluting the memory. Then he checked

and said: "Getting back to dogs. We have just the three now. There's Buck over there, he's Mr. Jimmy's bird dog. [Buck was asleep at the end of a leash attached to an overhead trolley.] Then there is the black dog, Okie, over there, and somewhere around here is Vicky, the toy bulldog. Vicky is the only toy bulldog in history who is also a pointer. She learned it from Buck. Buck is pointing every minute. He points sparrows, butterflies and mice. One time I went hunting with Mr. Jimmy when Buck was but a year old. He hadn't any training and he had to point on instinct alone. We hadn't gone very far into the woods when suddenly Buck froze up into a point. Mr. Jimmy stopped dead in his tracks. 'Sh-sh!' he whispers, 'don't move a muscle, Dogwagon. Buck's got something here.' Then Mr. Jimmy raised up his gun and waited."

Dogwagon bent over and held his sides.

"Oh, man," he laughed, "we must have stood there—Mr. Jimmy and me and Buck—for three minutes, just frozen in our tracks. Finally, I said, 'Mr. Jimmy, I think I see what he's pointing there.' Mr. Jimmy says, 'Sh-sh-sh!' Then after another minute he says, 'Well, what is he pointing, Dogwagon?' I walked into the bush before he could stop me and picked it up. It was a beer can."

Dogwagon sobered. "We don't have the pets we used to," he said. "That cat you see shadowboxing over there is a fairly new pet. He is quite a young cat and he just walked in on us at Garden State last fall. When we shipped out, he hopped aboard the van. That cat does not fear man or beast. All the dogs back away from him. He gets along fine with horses and sleeps in the various stalls. But, generally speaking, we don't have the pets that some other stables have, such as goats, roosters and such as that. At one time somebody sent Mr. Jimmy some fighting chickens and we kept them for a while until finally Mr. Jimmy decided to ship them to some friends out in Missouri where they could get some action. I happened to be the one who crated them up and put them on the train. I asked the baggage man to look after them and I handed him six cans of dog food."

"What's this for?" he says. I said, "That's the feed for the chickens." He said, "You can't feed fighting birds on dog food!" I said, "Well, these fighting



JONES AT THE BARN plays good-natured comedy with Lewis (Dogs-agon) Wilson, the Calumet cutup who likes to fancy himself as playing Tonto to Jones's Lone Ranger.

birds have been eating nothing else and it just so happens they are the property of Mr. Jimmy Jones, the greatest horse trainer in history.' The baggage man could not answer that. He took the dog food and later on Mr. Jimmy's friends wrote him a letter saying that the fighting chickens had arrived in Missouri in very good shape and just rarin' to go."

Suddenly headlights swept the dimly lit stable area as a black Cadillac pulled into a parking space down near the kitchen where the stable personnel eat. At once things began to happen. In the tack room Stable Agent Dee Brooks looked up from his adding machine and then reached over and plugged in the coffeepot. Everyone who was moving (except Slow and Easy) quickened his pace just a little and those who were sitting down got up and made motions of some kind.

Out of the shadows bustled the morning edition of Jimmy Jones, wearing a shapeless sport jacket, baggy slacks, an open shirt and an old hat with a feather in it.

Some visitors were waiting. "Hello there, good morning, how are you?" exclaimed Jimmy Jones, shaking hands. "Well, I've got to get started on my rounds. We take the first set out as soon as it's light. You're welcome to walk around if you'd like to."

The grooms had their horses ready for inspection, leg bandages off. Jones went from stall to stall, kneeling down, feeling the legs of A Glitter, Pintor Lea and Iron Liege and the others along the row. Speaking for the benefit of his guests, he said:

"Ten thousand years ago—oh, a hundred thousand, for all I know—the horse was a four-toed animal. Now, in the process of evolution he lost three of the toes, and all that's left is this sliver of bone running up and down the front and back. It's as fragile as a lady's wristwatch, and it's a constant source of wonder to me how this slim little ankle can support all the power and thrust of such a powerful body."

HE EXCHANGED a word with Wendell Griffin. They both liked the looks of Iron Liege, due to run that day. Griffin said: "I just hope that vet gets around on time now. [Horses get a special checkup on the day of the race.] Those vets take their time. I think that's the kind of job I'd like to have, getting maybe \$25 a day and sleeping until 9 o'clock in the morning."

Jones said, "He'll be around, Wendell." As he walked on, he added: "Old Wendell gets higher'n a Georgia pine when his horse is racing."

He walked along, stopping, kneeling down, running his sensitive, expert hands down the legs of the horses. At the last stall he made a left turn briskly and started down the other side. At the stall of Kentucky Pride, a Triple Crown candidate, he said, "Here's a colt we've got hopes for. He was inclined to be a bit brittle, a little windy and he's green, but he's rather promising. And this is Tim Tam here, he's a little sounder, but he's not without his faults."

(Tim Tam, as it later developed, displayed very few faults for the bal-

ance of the Hialeah meeting. He won the Everglades and the \$100,000 Flamingo in succession. Kentucky Pride won two races in a row, was second in the Bahamas, then was second to Tim Tam in the Everglades. Both remain prime prospects for the other great 3-year-old classics.)

"Well," said Jones, completing his inspection of other Derby candidates, including the well-regarded Seventy Six and Temple Hill, "I guess we still got time to get coiled up."

Over coffee, Jones spoke of his 3-year-olds. "I don't feel nearly as good or as optimistic as I did this time last year when we had Iron Liege and Gen. Duke coming along. [Gen. Duke had to be scratched at Churchill Downs because of an injury.] Of course, it's too early to tell what these horses can do at the Derby distance and against stronger competition."

"[To hear them tell it,] an old-timer said later over coffee in the track kitchen, 'Jimmy and Ben Jones never feel as optimistic as they did this time last year. But they're always three or four deep in fine Derby prospects, and then, like as not, they got another one hidden away in the barns.'"

Slipping his coffee, casting sidelong glances at the Daily Racing Form, wetting a finger as he turned the pages, Jimmy Jones talked on: "Sometimes I think there's an overproduction of horses in this country. There are few outstanding ones when you consider all the horses that are produced. There are only a half dozen great stallions in the world. Well, I guess it's not surprising when you stop to think about it. Look at all the people there are in the world and then consider how few really outstanding men there have been in all history, I mean of the stature and caliber of a Lincoln or Churchill."

Jimmy swirled his coffee in the cup and drank it down.

"I'm of the opinion that we're producing a more brittle horse than we did in the old days. And I attribute that to the fact that horses are running themselves off the land. The soil is being depleted, the grasses aren't giving the foals the minerals and other bodybuilding elements that they used to get. Something has to be done to bring back the soil."

"At Calumet most of our young breeding stock is too much dominated by the Bull Lea and the Bismarck strains. We desperately need an

continued

## JIMMY JONES

continued

outcross. To get what we need, I guess we'd have to buy into a syndicate. Our present breeding stock would cross with a Nasrullah like ham and eggs."

Now it was getting light. A groom brought Jones's horse up to the tack room, and Jimmy, glancing up, said, "Well, here we go." He went outside and stood on a box, swung himself into the saddle and led the first set down the long corridor of pine trees and out onto the track. Riding beside him was Dogwagon on Rosewood. In this role Dogwagon sees himself as playing Tonto to Jimmy Jones's Lone Ranger and therefore feels constrained to address Jones as "Kemo Sabay," just as the Indian addresses the Masked Man on radio and television. Dogwagon eagerly does not overplay his part, but when he slips into it, Jones is a pushover for it.

It worked this morning and Dogwagon was emboldened to bring up a financial matter as they rode along. Jones listened carefully and then exploded: "Dogwagon, you've got me crazy. One day you want an advance on your pay. Next day you want a personal loan. Then you give me \$3 on the advance and borrow \$5 more on a personal loan. How in the hell, Dogwagon, am I going to keep it all straight? Will you kindly tell me that?"

Dogwagon rode thoughtfully along for a minute. Finally he said carefully: "Kemo Sabay, I suggest you get yourself an IBM machine."

Out on the track Jones was all business. He told the exercise boys what horses he wanted bred. He led other horses down to the starting gate and let them sniff it like curious puppies. Sitting erect in the saddle that he was born to out in Missouri, his lips moved in Hamletlike soliloquies as he pondered his strategy for upcoming races. He weighed pros and cons aloud to himself, and now and then he raised his voice a little as he came to firm decisions like: "I'm not going to run Bardotown in the Widenor, and my mind's made up on that."

Between sets, Jimmy leaned on the rail outside the tack room and chatted with anybody who happened along. Moody Jolley, trainer for Claiborne Farm, which has a prime Kentucky Derby hopeful in Nadir, sauntered over and talked shop. They barked back to Whirlaway, the great

equine oddball that Ben Jones turned into a Triple Crown winner in 1941. "And a good thing for us, too," said Jones. "If it hadn't been for Whirlaway, Mr. Wright [Warren Wright, founder of Calumet Farm, who died in 1950] would have run us Joneses right down the road."

"Mr. Hancock [the late A. B. Hancock, famous Kentucky breeder]," said Moody Jolley, "didn't care about bloodlines in breeding. He looked at conformations."

"That's my idea," said Jones. "I don't like to follow a pattern. Match your dam up with your sire so's to overcome the weaknesses of one strain with the strong points of the other. You take Bull Lea, he's got the disposition, but he wasn't so good in the mud. That's why we crossed with the Blenheim strain, which didn't have the disposition but produced good mudders."

"Bull Lea," said a man standing nearby, "wasn't much of a runner."

Jimmy Jones turned to him. "Oh," he said, "that's not altogether true. He was overextended in his early races. Why, he won the Blue Grass Stakes just before the Derby and it took too much out of him and he couldn't come back in time or he might have won the Derby." He pointed an accusing finger at the man. "Hell's bells," he said, "put you on the track right now and make you run half a mile or so and you won't eat for a week. You're not in shape! Same with Bull Lea, he didn't have time to rest up before the Derby."

Jones decided to ride Ben's horse, Tennessee, out with the final set. When he had gone, Wendell Griffin, a lean, soft-voiced man in his 30s, walked over and shook his head in admiration. "The greatest champion Ben Jones ever produced," he said firmly, "is Jimmy Jones." He looked around, but nobody gave him an argument.

"That man," said Wendell, "would be a big success in whatever he went into. Why? Because he's broad-minded. He's so broad-minded that he can discuss any subject you name from the model T Ford to the jet airplane. He understands the stock market through and through. He flies his own airplane. He was in the horse patrol of the Coast Guard during the war. He can ride a motorcycle. He was mayor of the city of Parnell, Missouri at one time. Bring up any subject you care to name and Jimmy Jones will

discuss it with you. But here's what you want to remember. No matter what he's talking about—football, racing or the Russians—Jimmy Jones never stops thinking of his horses and what he's planning to do with every horse in this stable. His mind is working every second." Wendell paused and then jerked a thumb in the direction of Buck the bud dog, frantically pointing various objects around the stable. "Jimmy Jones," said Wendell, "taught that dog just everything he knows."

Wendell started away and then stopped.

"Mr. Ben Jones," he said, "is one of the greatest trainers the world has ever known. But just think about this. Ben taught Jimmy everything he knew and then Jimmy put his own education to work on top of that. [Jones had two years, majoring in veterinary medicine, at Northwest Missouri State Teachers College.] Mr. Ben Jones himself has said in the papers that Jimmy Jones is the finest horseman in America. And I'll say this on top of that. I'm just a groom and it's come back to me that one time Jimmy Jones referred to me as 'a drifter,' but I'll say this. Any horse that goes into a race under the Calumet colors, you can be sure that everything that could possibly be done to make that horse ready has been done. Nothing has been left undone."

LATER in the morning, while the boys were cooling out the horses from the last set, Jimmy Jones finished his study of the charts in the *Racing Form* and came out of the tack room and took a look around. He blew up. "Who is supposed to be doing the raking up around here?"

Slowly walking their horses, the exercise boys spoke out in denial of responsibility.

"One, two, three, four," cried Jones, pointing at one after another. "All right. That's four perfect men! Now let's try to find the imperfect ones!" He waited an instant and then, his voice heavy with sarcasm, he said: "Or maybe I'd better take over the raking and let somebody else train the horses. How about that?"

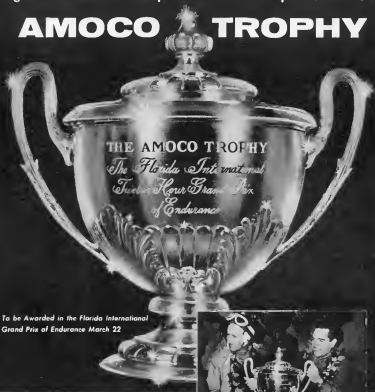
An exercise boy stopped his horse and, raising his voice, he began to deliver an impassioned self-ecology, reciting a long record of singular devotion to duty. He stated, with rising emotion, that whenever he had been told to rake, he raked. Never, he went

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on, in all his years with Calumet had he, for a single instant, sloughed off any task to which he was assigned. On the contrary, he concluded as he led his horse back into the circle, he had given conspicuously more service than he was paid for.

Jones had been listening intently, rubbing his nose, tugging his ear, scratching his head and occasionally seizing the seat of his pants. Now he replied. He stated, in effect, that what he had just heard was a lot of buncombe and that what he wanted around there was not talk, but somebody to rake the buncombe out of the walking rings. "I want," he declared, "a couple of men assigned to raking. Let them work on raking from payday to payday and then two more men take over. Now let's get that straight or else I'll do the raking and somebody else can do the training."

HE turned and started away, then stopped and called out: "Sometimes I think there's a right way to do things and then there's the Calumet way."

Nobody said anything, and Jones walked a few steps more and turned again for a final word: "I can stand a screwball, but hate a shirker!"

He hurried on toward the tack room.

There was another few seconds of silence and then the voice of Dogwagon rang out.

"That man," cried Dogwagon admiringly, "is a perfectionist!"

A stranger blocked Jones's way into the tack room. He wore a beatific smile and when he opened his mouth, he contributed a fine breath of bourbon to the stable area's morning fragrances.

"Doggone it, Jimmy Jones," he exclaimed in a deep southern accent, "somebody ought to write up your life story!"

"What?" said Jones, startled. It was plain that he did not know the man.

"Jimmy," said the Southerner, "tell me how come you're so short and your daddy's so tall?"

"He's not so tall," said Jimmy.

"No?" said the southern man.

"Why, I'd say he stands six feet."

"He's about five nine."

"You're five eight I'd say."

"Lord, no," said Jimmy, "I'm five six."

The southern man nodded as he grasped the railing. "How old would you be, Jimmy?"

Jimmy Jones cocked his head and started scratching himself. It seemed for a second he might be debating the pertinence of this discussion. Finally he said: "I'm 51. Last November."

"Why," said the southern man, "you could pass for 40."

Jimmy reached into his pocket and drew out his glasses and put them on. "I don't know about that," he said.

"I see you wear bifocals," said the Southerner.

Jimmy turned to Skeets Meadors, the horse photographer from Lexington, who had stopped to listen.

"None of the Joneses were tall men," he said. Skeets nodded.

"My granddaddy," Jimmy went on, "was five six, same as I am. I never heard of any Jones who went to six feet, and since I'm the last of the line I guess there won't be any."

"Is it true," said Skeets, "that your grandfather founded that Missouri town you come from?"

"Parnell, Missouri," said Jimmy. "Yes, he did. He was born in Indiana and as a young man he went to Iowa and became a bullwhacker and then a cattle buyer. One time he decided he'd go to Texas and so he headed south over the Iowa line into Missouri, and around where Parnell is now he liked the looks of the country—it's fine blue-grass country there—and so he didn't go any farther. He settled down and the town grew up around him. I've often thought if my grandfather had continued on to Texas and settled there, why, I'd probably be owner of a stable today instead of working for one."

The southern man took off his hat and slapped his thigh with it.

"Doggone it, Jimmy," he cried. "You've got a wonderful life story if it could be written up properly!"

Jimmy turned to Skeets.

"Parnell was a kind of Wyand Earp town when I was a kid," he said. "There were three parks and they had racks all around and on Saturday nights they'd be filled with horses and rigs. It was a real western town in those days. Three livery stables, a general store, couple of saloons, several churches. You'd see very few automobiles. I'm going back to about 1913 or 1914 now. Of course, there were quite a few machines in the cities in those days, comparatively speaking, but the country towns were still horse towns."

"Who remembers," cried the southern man, "who remembers the Pope-Toledo automobile?"

"Yes," said Jimmy, "and there was the Haynes and the Locomobile and the Mitchell and the Maytag. The Maytag was made in Iowa." He turned to Skeets and then cocked his head as if debating a weighty problem. After a minute he shook a finger under Skeets's nose.

"By golly," he said, "I wouldn't be surprised if the Maytag car was manufactured by the same people who make the washing machine!"

"In other words, Jimmy Jones," said the southern man, "you grew up on a horse!"

Jimmy looked at his shoes.

"I was galloping horses when I was 9," he said. "I've been around race tracks since I was able to walk. The old leaky-roof tracks, the county fairs, the punkin shows. My father took me to Juarez, Mexico—that was when racing was shut down in this country—and I was only 7 at the time. They used to hustle me across the border into Texas when Pancho Villa would come to town. But I can remember Villa's soldiers. The big thing I can remember about them is that very few of them had shoes. They'd kill a man for his shoes."

Buck the bird dog raced up and stopped before Jones, who reached down and patted his head.

The southern man blinked and said, "That's a fine-looking dog. I expect he's a Missouri dog?"

"No," said Jimmy, "he happens to be a California dog. I got him when we were out there for the Golden Gate Handicap four years ago."

The southern man was suddenly apologetic.

"Jimmy," he said, "you'll have to excuse me. I got to run along. I ain't had breakfast yet."

"That's all right," said Jimmy.

"Glad to see you doing so well, Jimmy," said the man. "You've got a very good thing of it here."

"Well," laughed Jimmy, "it's a tough way of making an easy living."

The man went off and Jimmy Jones suddenly called out to another man cutting across the stable area.

"Hey, Doc," he cried, "Doc Southard?"

Dr. N. E. Southard, a Hialeah vet, stopped and turned around.

"What," called Jimmy, "do you find best for growing feet?"

continued

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## JIMMY JONES

continued

"Pine tar," answered the doc, "the old-fashioned country remedy, pine tar."

"Thanks, Doc," said Jimmy. He called to a groom walking a big, handsome stallion around the ring. "Get some pine tar and put it on Gen. Duke's feet when you take him in." Then he said as an aside: "It'll act as lubricant and also as a kind of irritant to promote the growth."

A boy came up and said without preliminary that one of the grooms had just telephoned and said that he wouldn't be around.

"Why not?" exclaimed Jones. "He said he just don't feel like working any more for a while."

"Damn," muttered Jimmy. "There's a fellow sitting on the bench over there, he's looking for work. He claims he's had a lot of experience."

Jimmy hurried over to a young man in need of a shave. "You looking for work?" he said.

The young man nodded with a minimum of enthusiasm.

"All right," said Jimmy briskly, "I'll give you a trial. You go see Dee Brooks and he'll tell you what to do and show you where you sleep."

The new Calumet groom got up slowly and said, "Sure do thank you, Mr. Jones." He sauntered off, looking for the stable agent.

"That's what you're up against in this business!" Jones blurted. (Actually, thanks to Jimmy Jones's ability to get along with all kinds of people, Calumet has a minimum turn over in stable personnel.)

Two men hurried up to Jones in an obvious state of excitement. One man turned to the other and said, "Say hello to Jimmy Jones." Then, before the introduction could even be acknowledged, he cried, "Jimmy, give me 15 minutes of your time!"

His excitement communicated itself to Jones. "What for?" he demanded, scratching himself under the armpits.

"To go see the greatest horse in the world!"

"Who's that?"

"Yatasto!"

"The Argentine horse?"

"Yes, sir. He's going to stand in California and he's down to the airport right now waiting for a connection!"

"Let's go!" exclaimed Jimmy,

starting off. He stopped and held up his hands. "Wait a minute, I got an appointment with the dentist!"

"Won't take you 15 minutes," the man protested.

Jimmy bit his lip, then decided: "Let's go!" He broke into a half run for his Cadillac. When he was at the wheel, he found he didn't have the keys. "Pinky's got 'em!" he rasped in exasperation. (Pinky Brown rubs the Cadillac as well as horses.) Jones jumped out of the car and ran looking for Pinky. In a moment he was back with the keys, and the Cadillac was roaring down the road toward the gate. Just before reaching the gate Jimmy suddenly slammed on the brakes and made a screaming right turn into the fence. He watched the two men in the other car turn into the highway and go racing off.

Jimmy backed up the Cadillac and pointed it back for the Calumet barn.

"I haven't got time to go chasing to the airport," he said calmly. "I got a dental appointment in half an hour."

Later in the afternoon, Jones did stop by the airport to see the great Yatasto. He wasn't there. He had been shipped out to California the night before.

THE AFTERNOON EDITION of Jimmy Jones sat in his clubhouse box. He wore an all-brown ensemble. Seated next to him was pretty Peggy Jones, the Aurora, Illinois girl he married 29 years ago when he was learning the trainer's art from his father at Hawthorne in Chicago. The childless Joneses live in a handsome ranch house in Miami Springs, a few minutes from Hialeah and just down the street from the lavish bachelor home of Bill Hartack, who rides for Calumet in most of the important races.

Hartack, as it happened this afternoon, gave Jimmy Jones and the crowd a more varied display of his talents than usual. In the sixth race, riding for Hasty House Farms, he drove Can Trust through an opening that would have given pause to a veteran subway rider in New York's rush hour. The crowd gasped in admiration at Hartack's skill and daring as he finished three-quarters of a length ahead of King's Castle.

In the seventh race, the \$26,150 Jasmine Stakes, Hartack rode Calumet's heavily favored filly, A Glitter. She started well and held on with the leaders, and then suddenly Jimmy Jones, his neck cords bulging, was on

his feet, swearing softly, as A Glitter began to bear out badly at the three-furlong pole to finish an ignominious eighth.

A man leaned over from the neighboring box and said: "What the devil happened there, Jimmy?"

Jimmy shook his head. "I don't know what got into her," he said.

"Has she shown any tendency to run out in training?"

"Why, no," said Jimmy. "No, not at all. I guess the crowd must have bothered her." He turned to a guest in his own box and charged: "Hell, you might make a whale of a speech in a group of just two or three people, but put you up in a public auditorium before 10,000 people and you'd probably make a fool of yourself!"

Jones's guest nodded miserably, appearing to hate himself for his inadequacy as a public speaker before large gatherings.

Another man, a racing writer, turned up and asked why Kentucky Pride had been entered in a race only a few days after his 2½-length victory at six furlongs. (This was before Kentucky Pride lost his first race in the Bahamas.)

"Well," said Jimmy, "that happened to be a race that exactly fit Kentucky Pride at that stage of his training."

"Then why did you scratch him? Because of the mud?"

"No," said Jimmy. "I scratched him because I took a look at him in the morning and I just didn't like his appearance."

Jimmy Jones had Tim Tam in the eighth race this day. After going down to the paddock to give last-minute instructions to Hartack, he returned to his box. Again his horse was a top-heavy favorite. Waiting for the horses to go to the post, the guest who had just been denounced for his theoretical lack of stage presence before a big crowd offered the opinion that Hialeah was a beautiful track.

"Hialeah has done more for southern Florida," said Jones firmly, "than anything else except the sunshine."

"They're off!" said the voice on the loudspeakers.

Hartack handled Tim Tam (it seemed to some observers) like a man driving a Thunderbird in a race with model Ts. He held him just back of the leaders until the stretch and then forged ahead with a clear track ahead of him. Yet at the finish Tim Tam appeared to be under restraint and,

*continued*

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## JIMMY JONES

continued

unaccountably, veering in toward the rail, threatening to crowd the second horse, Beau Daumier.

Red-faced, Jimmy Jones watched and blurted something like, "There may be a protest on this." The numbers of Tim Tam, Beau Daumier and Big Freeze went up on the board in that order as Jimmy hurried down to the winner's circle, muttering, "Pinky [the 68-year-old exercise boy] could have won on that horse!"

There was a buzz of comment running through the crowd. "Tim Tam lugged in?" pronounced a self-appointed judge. "Hartack was just showing off there!" cried another.

Now the board spelled out "inquiry," indicating a claim of foul by the jockey of the second horse.

Hartack, who ordinarily explains nothing to anybody, called a track employee in the jockeys' room: "Just tried to cut it as fine as I could, that's all!"

Outside a man said: "That was bad for Tim Tam. A horse might get the idea that's what's expected of him at the finish."

Jimmy Jones, moving around, swinging his binoculars, was in command of himself again.

"No cause to take the number down," he said. "Possibly a reprimand would be in order."

"What was Hartack doing, Jimmy?" a spectator said. "Was he showing off?"



AFTERNOON EDITION of Jones is seen in familiar pose with winning Bill Hartack.

"No, no, no," scoffed Jimmy. "That boy doesn't have to show off. If he did veer in a little, it was something that happened—well, it was an accidental result of experimentation on Hartack's part."

The claim of foul was disallowed. Tim Tam's number stayed up on the board and his backers were rewarded with 90¢ profit on a \$2 investment.

Back in his box for the final race of the afternoon, Jones was all amiability again, receiving visitors, chatting with neighbors, following the conversations into such categories as the intelligence quotient of flamingos, the crime rate in Miami, the optical illusion that makes Mount Wilson appear to be sitting just back of the infield at Santa Anita, the Depression of the 1930s as viewed from Parnell, Missouri, the reason behind Calumet's easing off of its racing schedule last August. "We'd won a million dollars by then," Jones explained, "and we figured the thing to do was to concentrate on getting puckered up for 1958."

It had been a full day, and tomorrow would be another. It would bring any number of unexpected developments, that was certain. But it was also certain that the day would be stamped with the trademarks of "the Jones boys." And these are thorough attention to the smallest details of training (down to smelling the hay samples before authorizing a purchase), following through on every order for every horse in the barns, patience and the careful study of the condition book to see that no Calumet horse is overmatched at any stage of his training. Maybe all this won't be enough to make it another million-dollar year, but of this a man can be sure: the Calumet entries in the big ones will be as ready as it is possible to make them. And if anything happens at the very last moment, look out for the one they've got hidden in the barn.

Just before post time for the last race, Gene E. Mori, son of the president of Hialeah, stopped by and spoke to Jimmy Jones. When he had gone on, Jones said quietly, perhaps to himself: "That boy is as bright as they come. I believe he'd be capable of taking over when his father steps down. Of course, they say the son of an outstanding father never does quite measure up to him. That's supposed to be the rule."

Say hello to Jimmy Jones, exception to a rule.

END

# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE The Readers Take Over

## NEW THOUGHTS ON OLD FOES

Sins:

While the editors of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* obviously thought deeply concerning the NCAA's advice against letting the pro football Steelers play in the University of Pittsburgh's amateur stadium (FOCUS, March 3), it occurs to me after deep meditation that you missed the heart of the matter.

Reflect: Dr. Gardner, President of the NCAA, is also Professor of Christian Thought at Drake University. Were the Steelers to play in Pitt Stadium they would meet the Detroit Lions in the course of the season. It is not inconceivable (it happens every season) that during such a game some of Dr. Gardner's young Christians, overcome with enthusiasm for the home team, might charge onto the field to obstruct a Lion drive. And there you have it! Christians pitted against Lions in an arena, just as they were 1,500 years ago. Obviously a Professor of Christian Thought could not permit such atavism, or even the mere possibility of it.

Isn't it silly?

CUT F. D. RIPLEY

Needham, Mass.

Sins—

I am in full agreement with your conclusions that the NCAA's unsolicited advice to the University of Pittsburgh respecting rental of Pitt Stadium to the pro football Steelers is way off base.

Dr. Cloyd Harnwell of Penn clearly indicated in a statement that it was none of the NCAA's business how a university leases its physical property and equipment. It is simply amazing how stubborn minded the NCAA and its high command has become.

S. H. CORLEIN

Philadelphia

## DOG PSYCHOLOGY (CONT.)

Sins,

Yes, Spense—there is a dog psychology (19TH HOLE, March 3)!.

Perhaps the Freud of them all is Dr. Konrad Lorenz, also a Viennese, author of *King Solomon's Ring* and *Man Meets Dog*, Vice-director of the Institute for Comparative Ethology in Germany and on sabbatical leave at Cornell University and Harvard Medical School.

In fact, if you own a dog, you are by way of being a dog psychologist yourself. What else are you when you say to Bezo, "Give me back my steak and I'll give you this nice biscuit?"

Never forget that dogs are good psychologists themselves, and what's more for the owner is gravy for the dog.

For instance, One morning last summer my neighbor and I left the dishes in the sink because we were so charmed with watching my young Doberman trying to

hide a bone in the flower bed. She dug one hole after another, each time deposited the bone, covered it neatly, then looked up and saw us.

Finally, she seemed to be in deep thought. Then she removed a large divert from the middle of the lawn, set it aside, dug a bone-sized hole, deposited same, covered as before and replaced the divert, tamping it down firmly with her front paws so that no marks were visible. Then she looked at us as if to say, "There! Just try to find that one!"

By the way, is a dog psychologist a person that analyzes dogs or a dog that...?

Mrs. HENRY C. LINCK

Toledo

• With all due respect to Konrad Lorenz, M.D., Ph.D., Vice-director of the Institute for Comparative Ethology of the Max Planck Society, Honorary Professor of the University of Munster, recipient of the Gold Medal of the New York Zoological Society, we believe that it is James Thurber who has achieved the deepest insight into the minds and manners of the dog. Not that the man who defined a dog lover as "one dog in love with another dog" would readily hold still for the title of dog psychologist. Nevertheless, students of *Thurber's Dogs* will recall innumerable instances of the author's analytical skill. Take, for instance, Thurber's drawing of a small man staggering into a doctor's office under the weight of a large, somnolent hound cradled in his arms. "Here's a study for you, Doctor," he announces to the startled physician with bashful pride, "he faints." With one stroke of his wavering pen Thurber has delineated the relationship of master to animal: bemused, baffled affection on the part of one, an everlasting preoccupation with a sort of infantile one-upmanship on the other. Thurber's hound, Spense Grey Hackle's beagle and Mrs. Linck's Doberman are all highly individual parts of the generic whole that makes up man's best friend and least rewarding friendship.—ED.

Sins

I write immediately and in some concern, having just read your appeal for an analysis of the beagle who worked Spense over on that recent snowy day.

The dog's behavior was obviously consistent, efficient and completely devoted to the ultimate self-interest that guides all of our domesticated friends.

To let you have it straight, Spense Grey Hackle, the dog simply spotted a patby

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## 15TH HOLE continued

—a feat probably duplicated in your last 20 years by half a thousand women and children plus all of the neighborhood four-legged breeds.

The sure that you radiate is evidently strong enough that, 20 years hence, a dog riding in the closed trunk of a speeding car passing within 400 yards of your manse-soleum will undoubtedly cock an appreciative eye in your direction.

In short, you have been had. Again, I'm afraid. The only trouble is that now you are beginning to think about it.

And about this business of taking the dog to a psychologist, stay away. You and I both know who is going to wind up on the couch, and in psychiatry, Spazee, we have an ugly name for them.

DR. ROBERT L. SEWELL

Fort Worth

## SHORTSWING UPDATED

Sirs:

I just got back from a week in New England and found that the shortswing (SL Nov. 25, Dec. 16, Dec. 28) was still the No. 1 topic of conversation. At Mt. Snow in Vermont, the ski school instructors found that 80 out of a hundred customers had read the Willy Schaeffer series and were now talking skiing in terms of the shortswing. At Mad River in Vermont, I saw several groups of young skiers teaching each other the shortswing. While at Mad River, I talked to a skiing friend who not long ago had been in Aspen where, as you know, there has been a certain amount of resistance to any change of technique, particularly below the expert level. This friend discovered that a number of intermediate and some advanced skiers were making private arrangements with instructors to give them "booting" lessons in the shortswing on the hidden slopes on the other side of Bell Mountain.

To me, however, the most interesting commentary on the shortswing came from the head of what I consider to be the best ski school in the country. His school teaches the shortswing to experts. However, they use only the modern Arlberg for beginners. I asked him why they stuck with the Arlberg, and he said:

"I get a guy for two hours on one week-end. Two hours. And when I'm through with that guy, here's what he's going to do. Whether I like it or not, he's going up onto the mountain. Am I going to put that guy in the comma position and have him traverse and side-slip and then do a kick turn all the way down the mountain? Or am I going to give him a little snowplow so he can make some load of turn and think he's done something?"

"I've got two obligations to my customers: one is to give them something that will let them have a little bit of fun, and the other is to save their lives when they come down the damn mountain. I don't like teaching them this way because they get that little snowplow and don't learn anything else and ski around for two years, and when they get a little better they come back to me, and I've got to teach them how to sid all over again right. If I could get people to practice the comma position and the side-slip and all



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that I'd do it, but they won't. They go up the mountain."

JEFFREY A. G. FLEISHER

Philadelphia

#### A HISTORY OF THE CLEEK (CONT.)

Sirs:

I would like to amplify the information on the cleek for Allan M. Clark (1978 *HOKK*, March 3) with the following.

Robert Forgan, M.A., St. Andrews, author of *The Gaffer's Handbook* in 1881, has this to say concerning the cleek.

"Cleek—There are two varieties of clubs known by this expressive name: 1) The Driving Cleek, or Cleek proper, is ubiquitously useful. In very bad lies throughout the green, in cups and ruts, in open whins and sand, wherever the player desires to ratenate his ball and effect distance at the same time, this is the safest and surest weapon to employ. It is, further, of great service in playing half strokes to the hole and in 'putting' out of bad lies or cups on the green. The handle is much shorter than that of the Driver, is very little tapered and ought to have no perceptible spring. The construction of the head, however, is not so easily described; in fact, it requires to be seen to be understood. It usually weighs about 30 oz. and is sloped in the face like a Spoon to enable it to elevate the ball.

"2) The Putting Cleek is a club which few good players use, and is only mentioned here to be condemned. Its head is almost perpendicular in the face, but in all other respects it resembles the Driving Cleek. It is employed on the putting green, but is a very treacherous weapon; since either heel or point catch the turf a moment before the rest of the head—and this is a very common occurrence—the ball is sent 'off the line' to the right or left of the hole. The club is, in short, a usurper, and deserves to be dethroned. The Green Putter fulfills the duties of its office far better."

I consider Sir Guy Campbell an authority on the subject of golf. However, I would suggest, for getting down to facts, that Mr. Clark refer to Harry B. Wood's *Golfing Curses and "The Lyle"* (1911). The Currier cleek (an iron) shown in *Place VII* should provide the information desired by Mr. Clark. Bob Ferguson used this club in winning the 1886, 1887 and 1888 Open championships.

There are several other books dated in the '80s which would be informative.

R. OTTO PRONST

South Bend, Ind.

#### FISHERMAN'S FISHERMAN

Sirs,

Mrs. Waterman's photograph of her husband submerged over his head, but still playing that fish (WONDERFUL WORLD, St. March 3) was certainly one of the great testaments to fishing. I am glad that the editor of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* liked it as much as did the editors of *The Fisherman*, in whose pages this picture originally appeared and who were happy to share it with our friends and colleagues in the world of sports.

CARL HENSS  
*The Fisherman*

Oxford, Ohio

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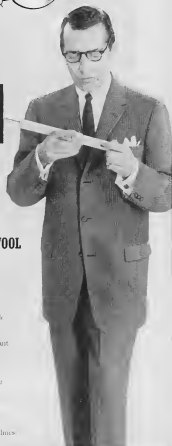
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## PAT ON THE BACK



Alvin Dorn

### Mrs. Mae Hall

The shuffleboard season in Florida is almost over, and Mae Hall of St. Petersburg stands out as the winter's best woman player. In the picture above she holds the cup for taking first place at Lakeland in the National Women's Open. (It was her second win, giving her two legs on the trophy. Another and she keeps it.) She is the holder of three state singles

and two national singles titles. Grand finale of the tournament year is the Champion of Champions Tournament at Tampa on April 4, and no one will be surprised to see Mae walk off with that title, too. Mae, who manages some apartment properties in St. Petersburg with her husband, Herbert (who can't match her skill with the cue), began playing shuffle-

board a dozen years ago in Colorado, where they ran a resort hotel. She has become a top tournament player since they moved to Florida in 1952. Now she plays every day and enters about 20 tournaments a year. Shuffleboard, growing in popularity, has about 300,000 players, occasional and otherwise, in the U.S., and it even has an official organization called the National Shuffleboard Association, author and arbiter of recognized rules.



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